VOL. CCXV, No. 2806

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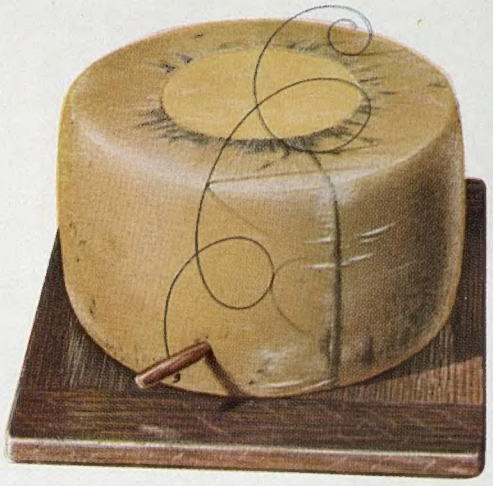
Guinness Guide to English Cheese

STILTON

the invention of which is often credited to a Mrs. Paulet at the end of the eighteenth century, was in fact known to Pope, two generations earlier. Its flavour — which Charles Lamb called rainbow-hued — is superbly matched by the clean, vigorous taste of Guinness.



LANCASHIRE

is crumbly, pale and interesting. Like the majority of the rearguard of England's cheeses to which this page is devoted, it is also rare, rationed and local. The exceptions are, Cheddar (rationed but not rare); and Stilton and soft cheese (rare but not rationed).

CHESHIRE

is commonly red, though there are also white and — *very* rare — blue Cheshires. Only Cheshire produces the true Cheshire flavour. Guinness, in contrast, is brewed just as well in London as in Dublin.

WENSLEYDALE

today means the white variety, a worthy cheese, though not to be compared with true blue Wensleydale — now virtually extinct. Many epicures thought it the greatest of English cheeses.

LEICESTER

is redder even than red Cheshire, and more crumbly. Distinguished by its mill-stone shape, and a flavour said to be even better outdoors than in. Particularly good for making Welsh rabbit.

YORK

is a "cottage" or soft cheese. Anyone can make soft cheese of a sort, but the best calls for a skilled hand. Almost every district has its own variety; they vary more in shape than in flavour, for being eaten as soon as made they have little chance to develop personality.

CHEDDAR

at its best is far too good a thing to be slighted as mouse-trap. "Full-bodied", Horace Annesley Vachell calls it, "plump as a well-nourished dairymaid". It was of Cheddar, "toasted mostly", that Ben Gunn dreamed while marooned on Treasure Island.

—AND GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Copies of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10. Recipe leaflets covering each subject in the series will be available at the end of the year.

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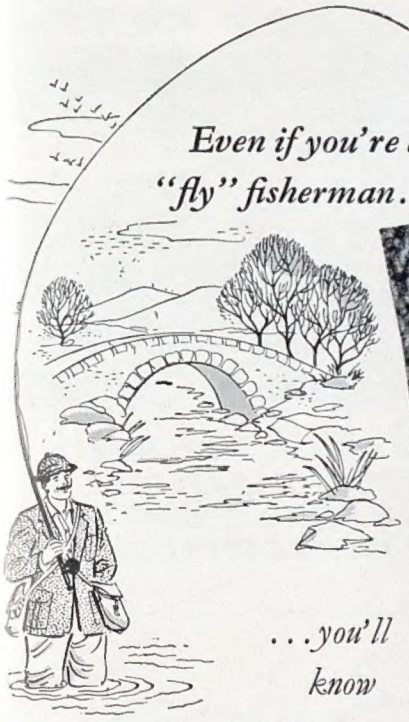

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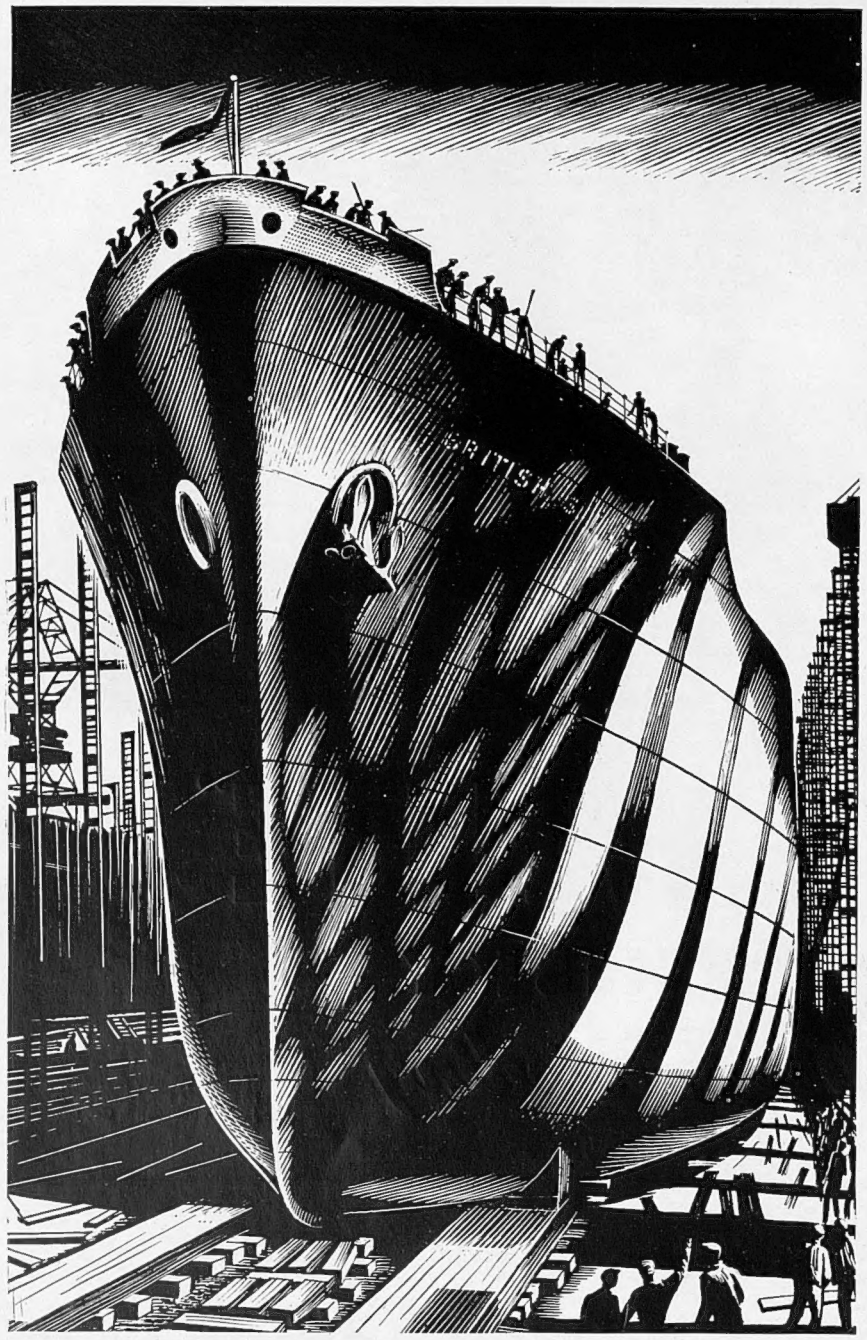

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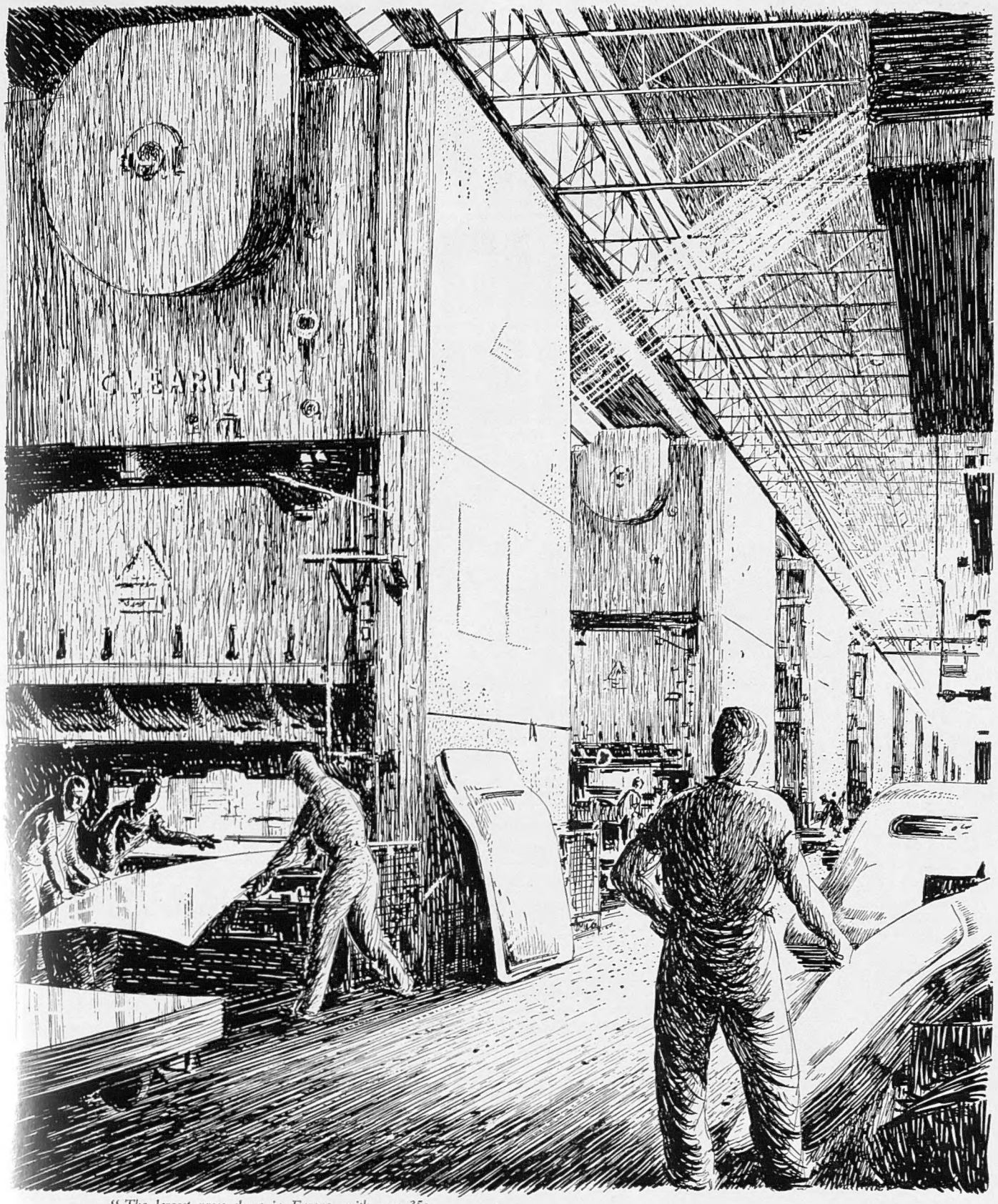

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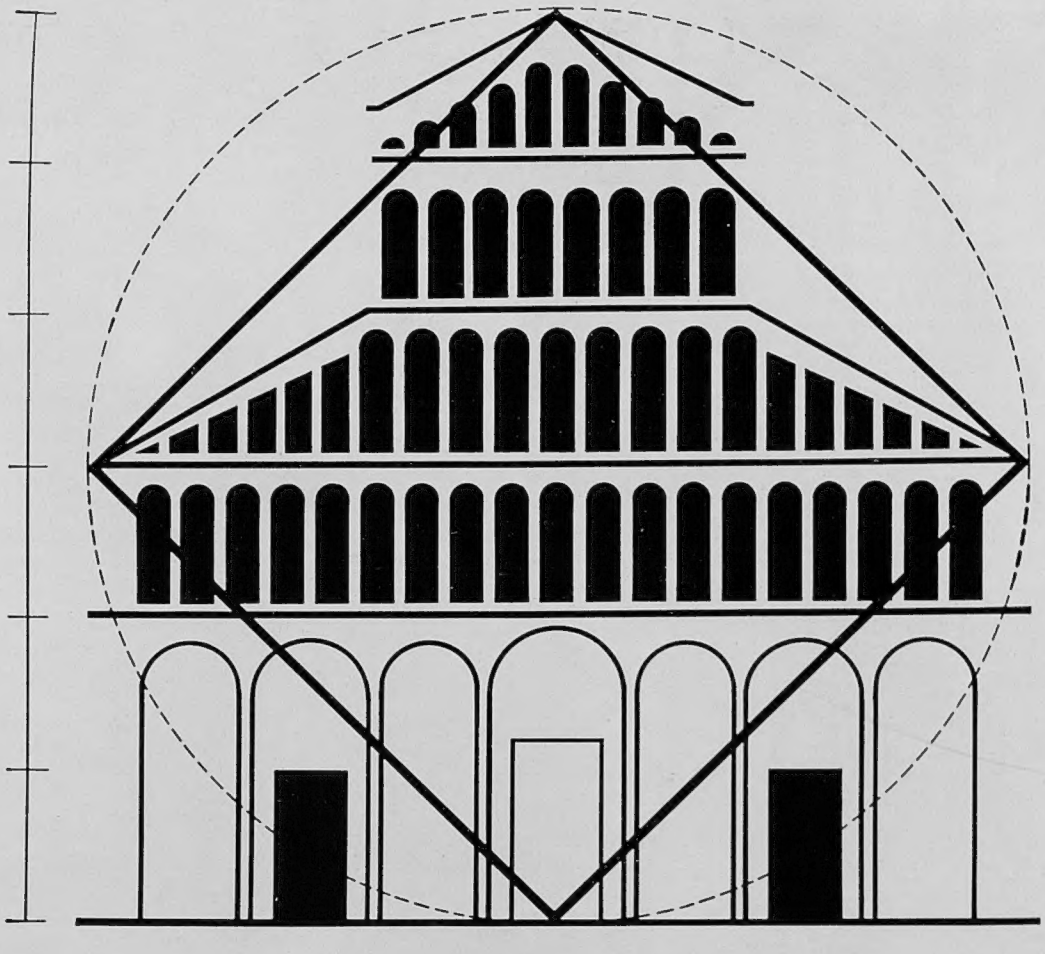

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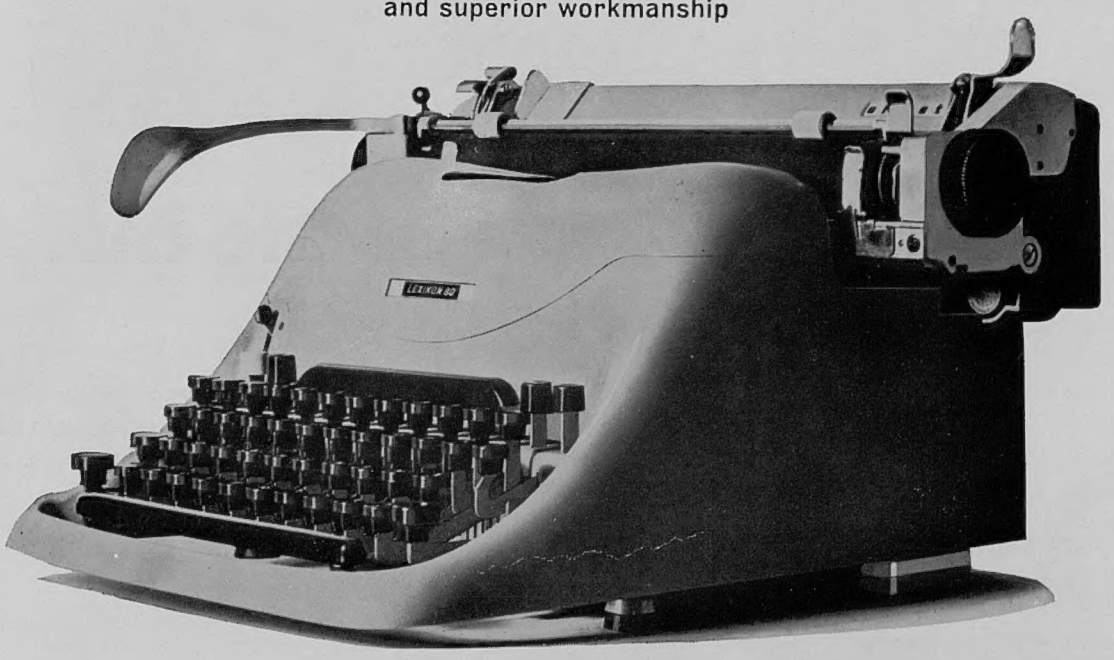

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Volume CCXV No. 2806

The SPHERE, London, November 21, 1953

The SPHERE

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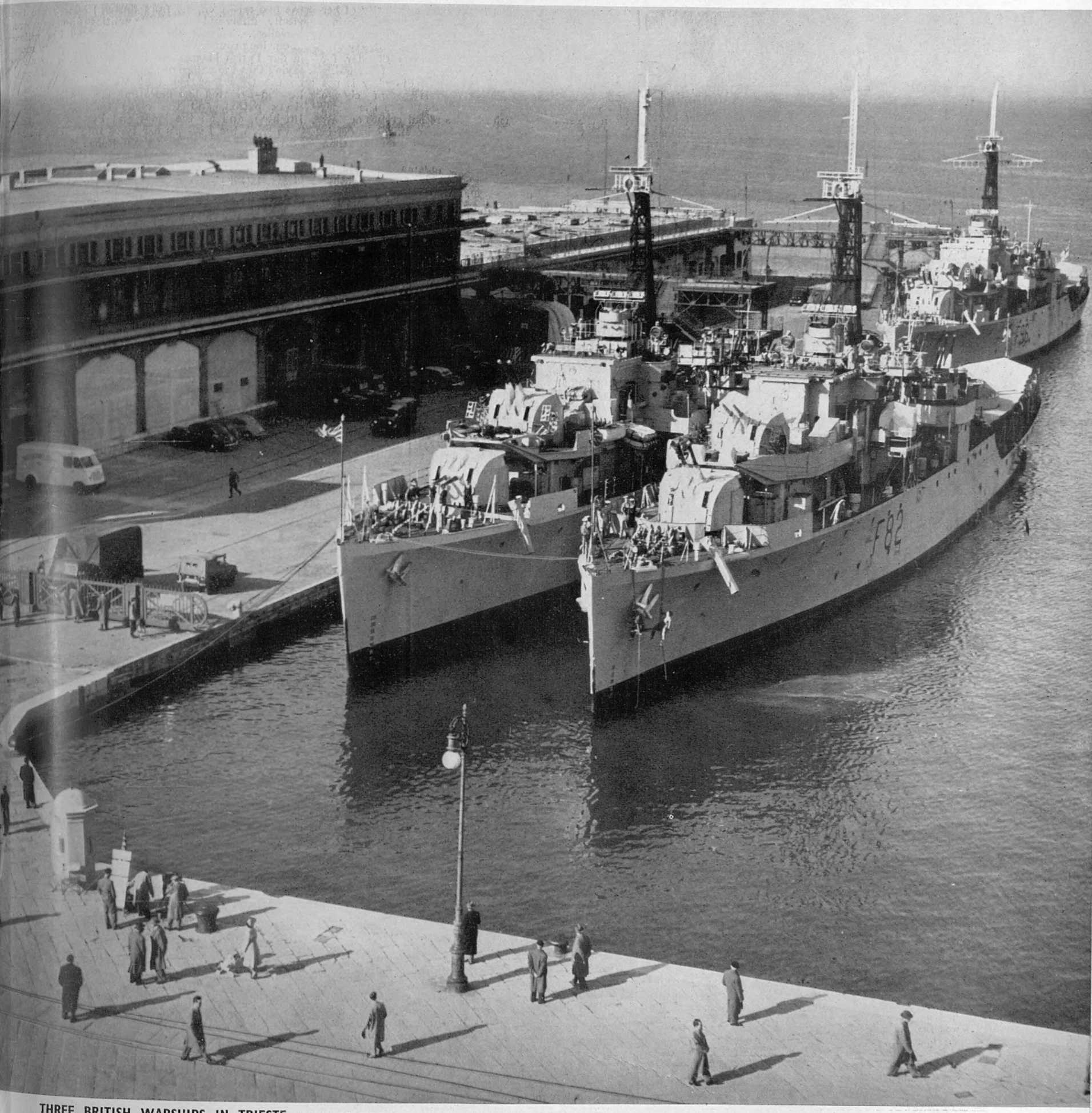

THREE BRITISH WARSHIPS IN TRIESTE—THESE FRIGATES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET PUT INTO THE BERSAGLIERI DOCK IN THE FREE PORT FOLLOWING THE LATEST SERIES OF RIOTS IN WHICH SIX PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES : In the foreground are H.M.S. *Mermaid* and *Magpie*, and behind them is H.M.S. *Peacock*. *Magpie*, it may be remembered, was at one time commanded by the Duke of Edinburgh. Two other British frigates, *Wrangler* and *Roebuck*, have also been in the news concerning Trieste, naval ratings from them having been subjected to hostile demonstrations while on shore leave at the Italian port of Taranto.

Last week the news from Trieste took a turn for the worse with a new series of riots, and Italy's neo-Fascists were very much in the forefront. By the week-end, however, the situation was calmer, particularly after Marshal Tito had given an assurance to the world that Yugoslavia would not go to war over Trieste. The Yugoslav leader did declare, however, that Yugoslavia would continue to insist on being given all of Zone A "which is completely ours." At the same time, Italy's attitude towards Trieste appeared to be becoming slightly less rigid, and there were signs that the Government would no longer insist that Zone A be handed over to her before agreeing to participate in a Conference. Last Tuesday the new Ambassador to Italy, Sir Ashley Clarke, presented his credentials to President Einaudi, and he met Signor Pella for the first time. It was expected that this would be a week of intense diplomatic activity regarding the Trieste question.

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WINTER WORK AT A SUMMER BEAUTY SPOT

LARGER WATER MAINS ARE LAID ALONG THE NARROW LANES IN THE FAMOUS SOUTH DEVON VILLAGE OF COCKINGTON : Such is the popularity of this village, which lies roughly one mile north-west of Torquay, that it is only in the winter, when the influx of tourists and sightseers has ceased, that repair work can be carried out. Warning signs are now hanging outside the forge, seen on the left, and workmen are busy along the narrow thoroughfares which hold so many attractions for the holiday-makers staying along Tor Bay. The old thatched forge is surrounded by picturesque cottages and the village itself nestles in a wooded valley

A CALAMITY ON THE BROADS

OULTON BROAD, NEAR LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK, IS DRYING UP AND SHRINKING : There is a fear that this largest of Broadland moorings will dry up completely unless action is taken quickly to dredge and cleanse it. Apparently there is no authority responsible for the work that is necessary so the Oulton Broad Yacht Club has called an emergency meeting of all who use the Broad, to see what can be done. In the recent holiday season well over 100 craft got stuck in the mud.

TABLE TENNIS AT MANCHESTER

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BELLE VUE : A general view of play in progress at Manchester during the Junior Table Tennis Championships which were held last week. The Junior Boys' singles were won by K. Freundorfer, of Germany, who beat H. H. Pettersson, of Sweden, in the final. The Girls' Singles were won by Miss Rook, who beat Miss A. Haydon ; these two finalists went on to win the Girls' Doubles Championships. In the National Table Tennis Championships, R. Bergmann won the men's title for the sixth time, beating the Yugoslav V. Horangozo. A. Simons and B. Kennedy beat Bergmann and J. Leach in the final of the Men's Doubles. Miss L. Wertl, of Austria, beat Miss Rosalind Rowe to win the Women's Championships, but the Rowe twins, Rosalind and Diane, again won the Women's Doubles.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Persia.—Mossadek, with his personal vanity and ambition, his insane hatred of Britain, his demagogy, dressing gown and fainting fits, may seem to-day a bad joke, and we need not waste our sympathy over his ultimate fate. If his trial is not quite like a murder trial at the Old Bailey, it is not our affair, even if it is not our cup of tea. But Persia, whoever governs her, is not purged by Mossadek's trial and punishment. The present Government, and even a majority of her people, may no doubt have decided that the criminal acts of Mossadek—which set at nought every canon of International Law, honour, decency, morality and good faith—have proved an economic disaster for Persia, and that another change of policy is desirable in Persia's interests. But a change of policy is not necessarily a change of heart, and it is proof of a change of heart that Britain needs to see before she wipes clean the slate on which Persia's recent crimes against her are written large. The new Government in Persia may be less completely dictatorial and tyrannical than was Mossadek, but it must still employ the dictator's essential "two voices," one to inflame and hold its nationals, the other to hoodwink or pacify other nations. We in Britain, who perhaps do not comprehend the modern difficulties of diplomacy lacking any sanctions whatever, may feel that even Mr. Eden, who can be firm as well as courtly, may in this atrocious instance of wrong done to Britain, be a little too courtly, a little lacking in firmness, in his wiping of the slate.

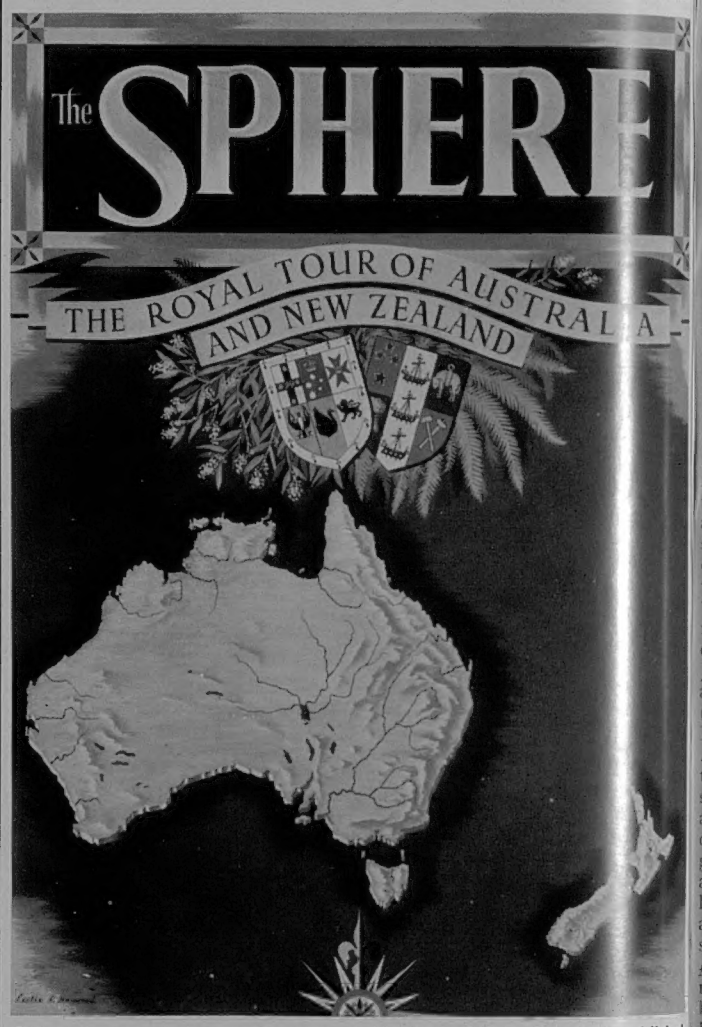
Regency Bill.—The Labour Party decided not to oppose the Regency Bill. Why should it, indeed, unless it were the Opposition's task to oppose every measure brought in by a Government in power ? I write this on Wednesday, November 11, when the Bill comes up for Second Reading, but if I were a prophet, I would venture the prophecy that some Labour man will use the opportunity, perhaps irrelevantly, to fire off a shot at the Monarchy, its expense or its adherence to tradition, or what not. Not that such criticism would be bitter or any prejudice deep-seated ; but I can recall no occasion when the Monarchy or Civil List has been the subject of debate in Parliament when some member has not grasped the opportunity to let off a cartridge or two. The Bill will, of course, become Law, this very afternoon of the 11th. It is plain sense and totally uncontroversial. It does not repeal, but merely sensibly amends the Acts of 1937 and 1943, since when the Duke of Edinburgh has proved to the hilt his expected worth. And the Queen Mother's recruitment to the "Big Five" of State counsellors is plain sense, plain justice and a most welcome stiffening of a body, which is occasionally called on for a very important function, and which has hitherto always been "thrown together" by reference to the Table of Precedence.

Remembrance Day.—I have come to dislike the open-air ceremonies of what was once called Armistice Day, and to value as much as ever (or more) the services inside the churches. I would not have those annual remembrance services *inside* the churches ended on any account, and, indeed, the new and shorter form is excellent. But nothing but the most foolish, illogical clinging to tradition can justify the ceremony round the village cenotaphs in a usually wet and cold and stormy month. For one thing, we commemorate two wars or more, only one of which ended in November. We commemorate the dead who died in every month and their heroic deeds which occurred in all the seasons—such as D-Day or Zeebrugge. And each of us remembers his lost ones on more days than one in the year. Why then must we kill off the living to honour the dead ? Why risk the health or discourage the attendance of the elderly ? Year after year I deplore more and more our own open-air village ceremony, the parson in dripping surplice, the old men shivering bareheaded, the umbrellas and the bitter wind, the buses and cars roaring by the Cross or loudly changing gear at the cross-roads. What a different scene and setting, what a welcome access of beauty and solemnity and attention to the matter on hand would come about if Remembrance Day were fixed about the time of D-Day or, anyway, in mid-summer ! And what obstinacy in adherence to tradition prevents the authorities from altering the date to afford a chance of giving beauty and wholeheartedness to the out-of-door ceremony ! I hate to think that our leaders are lacking in such essential qualities as courage and the power of decision, imagination and common sense, logic and sense of fitness.

Bell of Chichester.—My own cathedral city is to confer its freedom on its Bishop. Dr. Bell has been at Chichester a long time and both he and the Dean have embraced the principle : "What do they know of England who only England know." (As one might expect from Sussex.) They are both vitally interested in world politics and are great travellers. The Bishop covers a pretty big mileage in our long county. I read of his fixtures every month in our Parish Magazine. It gives aptness to an old saying that the palace of Sussex's Bishop should really be the Grosvenor Hotel at Victoria Station. The London–Brighton line must find him its best season ticket patron, and the roads from Chichester to Brighton, and all the lanes and by-roads off them have worn the Bishop's car tyres thin. His voice is heard in the assemblies of the nations ; it is also heard in our little lost Down churches, and when he is in the pulpits of these small churches, the simplicity of his sermons and the matter of his discourses are a lesson to every parson in his diocese. He knows the right approach to the hearts of the simple.

The Guy Fawkes Spirit.—No doubt the "student" all the world over is not to be regarded as a finished specimen of *homo sapiens*, but in our era he should have reached a state of evolution high enough to distinguish him favourably from a baboon. In fact, a bunch of monkeys are more orderly and do less damage than a bunch of "students" actuated by some dim and woolly nationalism, or even in sober London inspired by a couple of pints and the desire to shine as funny fellows among their kind. No old Englishman should deplore the follies of the young men of to-day in his own country. He burned and ragged and teased the Dean and Proctors when he was at Oxford or Cambridge, or rang the bells and made a nuisance of himself in his home street in youth, but he *is* entitled to question the mental state of "students" in Rome or Trieste, as in late years of students in Cairo and elsewhere. The Italian mentality in this instance is hard to understand. Apparently the decision to withdraw our troops and let the Italians occupy Zone "A" is a bitter wrong done not to Yugoslavia but to Italy. Presumably they want to eat their cake and have it, or to eat a cake which we must bake and pay for. They want apparently to have their war with Trieste by means of American and British bayonets

"THE SPHERE" HERALDS THE ROYAL TOUR



This is the coloured cover for next week's issue of "The Sphere," published at the usual price of 2s., which deals with many aspects of the forthcoming visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh to Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the West Indies and the Pacific. The section is introduced by a message specially written for "The Sphere" by Mr. Holland, Prime Minister of New Zealand.

indefinitely at their service. Poor old Britain! She at least can't do right, is never right, and is the first target all over the world for brickbats. She must go on policing the world and expect a bloody nose for her trouble and expense. Sir Winston put it very neatly at Guildhall. But why do we go on doing it? We have plenty of policing to do in territories which more directly concern us. We really are not strong enough to police the whole seething world outside the Curtain.

Country Life To-day.—Under the Statute Law Revision Bill presented by the Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords, another batch of Acts of Parliament which have become obsolete or superseded will be repealed. They number 500. We are slow to change and modernise our laws. The oldest now to be scrapped dates from the thirteenth century. Another governs the Dower of one of Henry VIII's wives. She died even before Queen Anne, who is also dead. However, better late than never; and now the Chancellor, having picked out some junk from his box-room, might well turn his attention to blowing some dust off what remains. Social life has changed much since Queen Anne died, but Governments come and go, and the centuries pass and rules and laws remain on our Statute Book which, practicable in earlier centuries, have become intolerable nuisances to-day. And in nothing do the authorities less accept or comprehend the violent changes of the last fifty years than in the conditions under which country dwellers live to-day. Ever since 1914, the regulations, controls and vexatious regimentations which beset us and the often futile safeguards of our lives, health and property have been worked out by men with suburban or urban minds, on the principle that we all live in a crowded community and have in our "teeming street" all sorts and conditions of men and women on close call to do for us neighbourly acts, to hold the baby, mend the leak, witness the document, and so on. They are still a century out in grasping the awful truth that those who live in the country to-day are more isolated—despite better and swifter communications—than were their eighteenth-century ancestors.

"As Witness."—One of these minor nuisances and anomalies which adds quite unnecessarily to the discomfort of country life (and to our growing sense that we are all part of a dusty museum) is the regulations still in force for the witnessing of documents, transfers, and all sorts. These rules were obviously devised in the "bad old days" when only a rich man had documents to sign, and all he need do was to press the bell and tell Jeeves to bring the second footman in for signature-witnessing. To-day that same rich man is lucky to employ an alien peasant woman with no English or education, and may well live miles from a competent witness. His wife must not witness his signature, and any woman witness is treated as a chattel of some man. It is not enough that a female witness should give her occupation (full-time) of "housewife." She must be the wife or widow of some man or a "spinster." Many women to-day rightly object to this. Sometimes the signer must find a J.P. or a parson or other "reputable" witness (perhaps a journey of six miles); or a Commissioner of Oaths (market town; 10-mile journey), or even a Notary Public (a rarer bird; county town 20-mile journey). All of which puts me in mind of another anachronism—that preamble to the raising of judges' salaries which speaks of securing him "dignity" and freedom from anxiety. Presumably that means the outward forms of dignity. But can a man with even £6,000 a year gross secure those outward forms? The Exchequer and local authorities take away about £3,300. That leaves him £2,700. If dignity means someone to answer bells and telephone, open front door, cook and serve and wash-up, that will require good luck and £700 a year. The education of his children, the maintenance of his home, food, clothes, journeys, holidays, a club, a recreation, and so on, won't leave him much margin for "dignified" accessories. Personal dignity, dignity of character, may flourish in a slum or a caravan, and often does; freedom from anxiety may be possible on £8,000 a year in a London flat. But the outward forms of "dignity" and freedom from domestic anxieties are *not* to-day possible on even £8,000 a year gross in a lonely country house.

Cricket Pays.—After the Australians had taken their share (£100,000), the cricket authority in England had £130,000 to divide up among the Test Match counties, the other first-class counties, and, finally, among other top-level cricket clubs. I only regret that the village greens—cradles of Test cricket—could not share the crumbs of the divide. So Test cricket still pays handsomely, never more so. Although the great matches were mostly drawn and the weather did its best to spoil the fun, and there was a lamentable amount of "ca'canny" and the cricket commentators carried their maddening devotion to statistical records to all lengths of absurdity and boredom, clearly the great game still triumphs over all handicaps, and that is how the public like these international matches to be staged; with all the tenseness of a General Election and all the publicity of a Coronation. But the game laughs at these absurdities and shakes them off. In Test cricket, a run an hour can come to be regarded as more exciting than Jessop's fireworks and quite as sporting. Such is the power of concentrated, non-stop publicity. Mercifully, the spirit of awful responsibility is not yet contagious on the village greens, the cradles that rock the babies destined to become Test stars. We still slog and swipe and even laugh on our local Broadhalfpenny greens, and keep the great game a game, and not a national industry and international crisis.

THE OLD STAGER

THE APPEAL FOR A FAMOUS CITY OF LONDON CHURCH

THE INTERIOR OF THE WREN CHURCH OF ST. MARY-LE-BOW, CHEAPSIDE, AS IT APPEARED BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION BY BOMBS IN THE BLITZ OF 1941: The appeal for £50,000 towards the cost of rebuilding St. Mary-le-Bow was made by Sir Rupert De la Bère shortly before he relinquished the office of Lord Mayor of London. The total cost of rebuilding will be about £200,000. At present the tower of the church is intact, but the body of the building is a mere shell. St. Mary-le-Bow was built by Wren in 1671, on the site of an older church. Under the Master Plan for the restoration of London's City churches, drawn up by the Bishop of London and the Diocesan Reorganisation Committee, the church is designated to become one of the twenty-four parish churches of the City, while fifteen others will be retained as Guild churches. Until the church is restored, services will continue in the old vestry which was adapted for use after the bombing. This picture shows the east end with its elaborate stained glass windows and the reredos surmounted with a mitre. The Bells of Bow Church are renowned in the history of London for their association with Dick Whittington, three times Lord Mayor, and the true definition of a "cockney."

DAYS OF HEAVY RAIN AND WIND IN SCOTLAND

FLOODS IN PERTHSHIRE FOLLOWING A RECENT WEEK-END OF HEAVY RAIN: Ayrshires at Dalrooch Farm, near Auchterarder, graze on high land during the flooding of large tracts of farmland in the Earn Valley. The true bend of the river is seen on the left of the picture, with flooded fields in the middle distance. Heavy rain also caused widespread flooding in other parts of Scotland. In Glasgow, many occupants of a ten-storey block of flats had to seek temporary accommodation elsewhere when the ground floor of the building became inundated with water. There were also heavy gales around the Scottish coasts.

SAVE THE ABBEY

A FINAL APPEAL BY THE PRIME MINISTER IN CORONATION YEAR

And the Dean of Westminster Leads a Procession Round Parliament Square at the Start of the Special Appeal Week

Last Sunday morning the Dean and Canons of Westminster, all vested in their Coronation copes, went in procession round Parliament Square to the Abbey to take part in a special service inaugurating "Save-the-Abbey" Week. They were joined by secular representatives from many parts of London, while other prominent members of public life went direct to the Abbey. In his address at the service, Dr. Don referred to a new message sent by the Prime Minister, and said that the appeal must close at the end of this year. The target is £1,000,000, and the main objects of the appeal are for the maintenance of the fabric; for immediate capital expenditure and to endow the choir school. So far less than half the required sum has been subscribed since the appeal was first made in January. Since then efforts have been made in several quarters to prompt help from the Government, for it must be remembered that the State makes no contribution whatever to the upkeep of the Abbey. In his message to the Dean on the eve of this final appeal, Sir Winston Churchill said: "Many have been generous, but I am sure there are many more who would gladly contribute if they were asked. Let them now take the initiative themselves and send the Dean what they can afford. We must not fail in our duty to a great national inheritance."

Each day this week a signal "Save the Abbey" has been flown from the building's north-west tower, while the Abbey's own flag has been accompanied by the flags of Commonwealth countries where special collections have been made. On Monday Lady Rosemary Muir, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour at the Coronation, inaugurated the silver mile—a mile-long white line outside the Abbey. The object was for subscribers to place silver coins on it.

THE CANONS OF WESTMINSTER WEAR THEIR CORONATION COPES IN THE PROCESSION: They were taking part in the inaugural service of "Save-the-Abbey" Week, which began last Sunday. On the board in the background is a message from the Dean and a series of pictures illustrating the objects of the appeal.

THE DEAN SITS OUTSIDE THE ABBEY TO RECEIVE GIFTS: Dr. Alan Don follows the lead given by many clergy and receives gifts for the Abbey appeal from passers-by.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER LEADS A PROCESSION ROUND PARLIAMENT SQUARE PRIOR TO THE INAUGURAL SERVICE OF "SAVE-THE-ABBEY" WEEK: Seen walking immediately behind Dr. Don is the Earl of Halifax, High Steward of Westminster. Following the banner bearers are the Metropolitan mayors. This special appeal week is being held in order to foster a renewed response to the Westminster Abbey Appeal for £1,000,000, which is required for urgent building repairs and other purposes. The appeal closes at the end of December, and at the time of writing there is still over £550,000 to be found. The original request to the public was made by the Prime Minister early in January. Now Sir Winston Churchill appeals for a renewed effort to save "a great national inheritance."

THE PROCESSION WENDS ITS WAY TO THE WEST DOOR OF THE "CORONATION CHURCH": In his address at the inaugural service Dr. Don said: "I announced when our appeal was launched that we proposed to confine it to the Coronation year. That decision stands. If we cannot find our way into the hearts and into the pockets of the British public in Coronation year we never shall."

GASTON DOMINICI AND THE DRUMMOND MURDERS

The French Police Declare that the Seventy-six-year-old Farmer, "The Lion of Lurs," Was Responsible for the Death of Sir Jack Drummond, Lady Drummond, and their Daughter, Elizabeth

YVETTE DOMINICI RETURNS TO THE FARM AT LURS AFTER TESTIFYING AT THE PALACE OF JUSTICE IN DIGNE: This picture was taken as Yvette left the car. She is the wife of Gustave, at one time suspected of the murder of Sir Jack Drummond and his family, and the daughter-in-law of Gaston, the seventy-six-year-old farmer of Lurs, who confessed to the murder after a final police interrogation lasting forty-eight hours.

THE DOMINICI WOMENFOLK HAD TO BE PUT BEHIND THE WIRE AFTER THEIR OUTBURST AGAINST THE POLICE: The women attacked the police when the latter arrested the aged Gaston Dominici on his farm at Lurs.

"THE LION OF LURS" BEING INTERROGATED BY A DETECTIVE: The aged Gaston Dominici, who has finally yielded to intensive cross-examination and admitted that he murdered Sir Jack Drummond and the members of his family when the latter were camping at Lurs in 1952. With his weather-beaten cheeks and patriarchal air Gaston looks the embodiment of the successful yeoman farmer in peaceful and respected old age. He has ruled his family with a rod of iron, and apparently, because of their fear of him, his sons have up to now kept silent. Last Monday he attempted to kill himself by leaping from a bridge at Lurs when the police brought him back to re-enact what happened on the night of the crime. Later they charged him with murder on three counts.

MADAME CAYA IS HELD IN RESTRAINT: A police officer holding back the elder daughter of Gaston Dominici when she threatened violence to M. Harzig, the Marseilles Regional C.I.D. Commissioner, who has been in charge of the case. It was Harzig who forced Gustave and Clovis, the sons of Gaston, to confess that their father was the murderer, but they only did so after many months of interrogation.

On right—

GUSTAVE DOMINICI IS ESCORTED BACK TO THE FARM: One of the sons of Gaston following two detectives when they returned from Digne. They had prevailed upon Gustave to tell the true story of the murders after months of prevarication.

M. Harzig, Divisional Commissioner of Marseilles Police C.I.D., was able last week to lay down his task after he had finally forced from Gaston Dominici, the rich old farmer of Lurs, Southern France, a confession of his guilt, that he, indeed, was the murderer of Sir Jack Drummond, the British nutritional expert, who died by the banks of the Durance River in company with his wife and child, while engaged on a camping holiday. It had been known all along that the Dominici family knew something about the terrible events of August 5, 1952, but neither of the sons of Gaston (Gustave and Clovis) would budge an inch in their testimony, and it seemed that the case was hopeless. Eventually Gustave and Clovis could not stand the verbal assaults of the police any longer, and they broke down under examination, admitting their father had done the deed. As for the patriarchal Gaston, he resisted the police questioning for forty-eight hours, until finally saying to Sebeille, the investigator: "You have won, mon petit, here is the story."

M. Harzig later told the Press conference that Gaston made his confession in the following terms: "About midnight on August 5, as was his custom, he was out with his gun, and as he approached the Drummond car he saw a woman—it was Lady Drummond—undressing. He went closer to watch her. The woman saw or heard him and she screamed. This aroused Sir Jack, who angrily demanded what he was doing there. They began quarrelling and exchanged blows. Dominici, enraged, fired at Sir Jack and then upon Lady Drummond, killing them both. In his rage he also fired at the child Elizabeth, but the bullet only grazed her ear as the child ran screaming towards the river to escape. He pursued her. She fell on her knees and covered her head with her hands, beseeching mercy. He had no more bullets, so he clubbed her lightly with the rifle butt."

The police do not believe this story is true in all its details, but they consider it to be near the mark. Dominici, when asked what his reason for his deed was, declared that he was interested in Lady Drummond. He had thought she was very attractive. M. Harzig has had some trenchant remarks to make about Gaston, and he told a Press conference in Digne: "I have never met such an odious man as old Gaston Dominici during the thirty years in my profession. After the confessions of his two sons he continued to deny the crime, pretending that Gustave wanted to have him sentenced and executed so as to inherit all the more quickly his part of the property."

THE HERRING FLEET GIVES RISE TO RUMOURS: This is an aerial view of the herring fleet which was anchored about eight miles off St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, last week-end. The appearance of this large number of ships, which covered an area about five miles long, gave rise to many rumours, both among the local inhabitants and in certain sections of the Press. The innocent herring fleet was described both as a "floating city" and as an "Armada." Her Majesty's Coast Guards at St. Margaret's Bay say that there is nothing unusual in the appearance of these ships off Kent. It is, they say, an annual event, and almost every year the ships are, for a short time, anchored somewhere off the Kent coast, as they follow the shoals of herring around the British Isles to fill their holds with the fish.

The WAY of the WORLD

PICTURES OF RECENT EVENTS THAT HAVE MADE NEWS FROM EUROPE, AMERICA, ASIA AND AFRICA

A MEMORIAL TO THE FREE FRENCH FORCES IS UNVEILED AT BROOKWOOD CEMETERY: *On left*—A close-up of the memorial, which was unveiled by Field-Marshal Earl Alexander. *On right*—A view of the memorial and the cemetery. Among the representatives of Britain and France who attended were Sir Ian Fraser, V.C., and M. Mutter, the French Minister of ex-Servicemen.

THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE AT THE PARADE OF THE ASSOCIATION OF JEWISH EX-SERVICEMEN: Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis is seen as he reviews the parade of the Jewish ex-Servicemen at Horse Guards Parade in London. The Chief Rabbi, the Very Rev. Israel Brodie, assisted by the Rev. I. Levy, O.B.E., the Senior Jewish Chaplain to the Forces, conducted a service during the parade of the Jewish ex-Servicemen.

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ATATURK'S NEW SHRINE AT ANKARA

The Remains of Turkey's Soldier, Statesman and Reformer Transferred to a Great Mausoleum

Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, the first President of the Turkish Republic and the maker of modern Turkey, became Chief of State thirty years ago, and he died on November 10, 1938, fifteen years ago, after achieving the almost complete transformation of his country. From the outset Ataturk embarked on a policy of modernisation and secularisation. The Caliphate was abolished and all members of the House of Osman banished from the Republic. Ataturk ruled as a dictator, and was ruthless to a degree, but he brought a new life and energy into Turkey's affairs, introducing a civil code based upon the Swiss model and replacing Arabic script with the Latin alphabet. Following his death, Ataturk's remains were placed in the Ethnographic Museum at Ankara in a temporary mausoleum. Later a competition was organised among Turkish architects for a permanent shrine to be erected on a hilltop site selected by the Turkish Ministry of Works. The winning design was the work of Professor Emin Onat and his assistant Professor Orhan Arda, of the Technical University of Istanbul. Work began on the site as far back as June 1944, and on November 10 of this year the remains of Ataturk were laid to rest in the new mausoleum. A vast crowd lined the streets from the Ethnographic Museum to the new mausoleum when the coffin was conveyed to the hilltop site by gun-carriage. President Bayar of Turkey was accompanied by Ataturk's only surviving relative, his sister Baya Makbule Atadan. Forty military cadets drew the gun-carriage and twelve generals of the Turkish Army acted as pall-bearers. Before the coffin was placed in the vaults of the new mausoleum the President delivered an oration over it, recounting the achievements of Ataturk.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF ATATURK: This is the new mausoleum in which the remains of the Turkish leader have now been placed. The mausoleum stands on a hilltop site in Ankara. In the vault is soil brought from all the provinces of Turkey. The mausoleum has been built to the winning design of two Istanbul Professors.

THE MAUSOLEUM IN ITS PARK-LIKE SURROUNDINGS: Trees from many countries are being planted round the shrine. The British Commonwealth contribution consists of 250 Scots pines, oaks, wild cherries and silver firs. These are being planted during the present winter.

THE CORRIDOR THAT LEADS TO THE TOMB OF ATATURK: This is one of the dramatic vistas within the new mausoleum. *On left*—**THE CENTRAL SPACE WITHIN THE SHRINE:** The remains of Ataturk were transferred there on November 10, the fifteenth anniversary of his death. The mausoleum has cost over £2,500,000 to build.

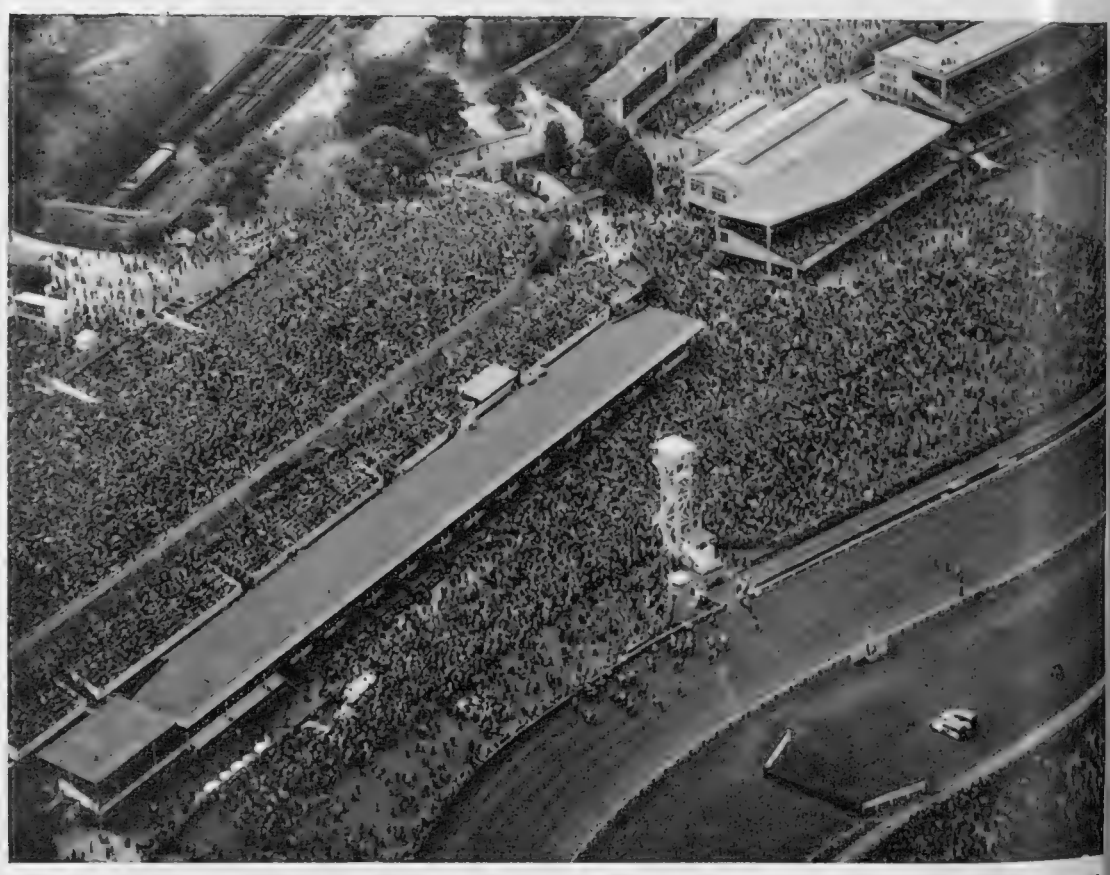
FROM PARIS TO MELBOURNE

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in France, Italy, Portugal, Greece, the Middle East, India, Burma and Australia

UNCOVERING AN ANCIENT BURIAL-GROUND IN NAPLES: Work in progress in Martin Square, in the centre of Naples, following the discovery of what is believed to have been a mass burial-ground. The discovery of human remains was made during building operations. Experts account for the mass graves by an epidemic which swept Naples a long time ago, and which caused hundreds of deaths.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF EXILE THEY TOUCH GREEK SOIL: Greek men bend to kiss the soil of their native land when they arrived at Piræus in the Greek ship *Miaoulis* after they had been released by the Yugoslav authorities. They were in a party of 112 men, women and children who were being repatriated from Trieste. In 1947-48, during the civil war in Greece, some 3,000 men and women and 27,000 children were kidnapped by Communist Guerillas and held as hostages in Yugoslavia. The recent batch of arrivals is the first of many who are being repatriated by the Yugoslav Government after six years of exile. Some of the children have already been returned to Greece.

PARISIANS GET FOOD STRAIGHT FROM THE FARMS: A crowd in the Rue Lepic, in Montmartre, watch the "Syndicate of Farms Promotions" dispose of meat which had been brought into Paris straight from the farms of Brittany and Normandy. Another large van had brought eggs to large crowds of Parisians, who were only too glad to buy the farm produce at the reduced prices which the syndicate was able to charge. Both farmers and consumers seemed satisfied with this system of marketing, which cuts out the middleman.



A HUGE CROWD ASSEMBLED TO SEE THE MELBOURNE CUP: An aerial view of the crowd at Flemington Racecourse, a Melbourne, which saw the race for the 1953 Melbourn Cup. The race, one of the most important in the Australia racing calendar, was worth £11,200 to the winner

On left—**THE FINISH OF THE GREAT RACE:** Wodalla, ridden J. Purtell, passes the finishing-post at the end of th gruelling two-mile course to win the Melbourne C from Most Regal (N. Powell). Third place went My Hero (N. Eastwood), and Earldom was fourth. T first three horses were also concerned in the battle for Caulfield Cup three weeks earlier. In that race, first leg of the Australian "spring double," My Hero beat Wodalla over a mile-and-a-half, with Most Re third. For the Melbourne Cup, Wodalla, who carri 8 st. 4 lb., started at odds of 14 to 1. Most Regal (7 st. 4 was a 33 to 1 outsider; My Hero (9 st.) started at 5 to

THE PORTUGUESE PRESIDENT VOTES IN THE ELECTIONS AT LISBON : General Francisco Higino Craveiro Lopes hands his vote to the president of a Lisbon polling booth during the elections for the Portuguese National Assembly. This year's elections were notable for the first attempt since 1926 by the Opposition parties to get their nominees elected. The opposition to Premier Salazar's Government Party, the União Nacional, consisted of a mixture of Liberals, Opposition Republicans, and other anti-Communist movements. They put up twenty-eight candidates for Lisbon, Oporto and Aveiro; all of them were defeated. The Portuguese election system is by lists, on three of which the Opposition candidates were placed. As the Government parties were unopposed in twenty-seven lists, they were in any case sure of an overwhelming majority.

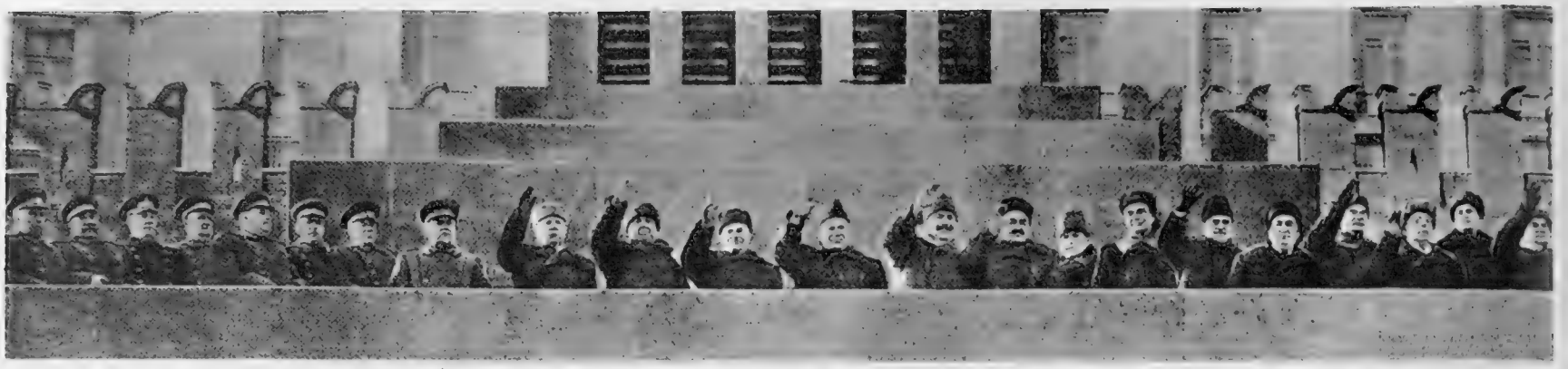
CHINESE GUERILLAS BEGIN TO LEAVE BURMA : The first of 2,000 Chinese guerillas who are to be evacuated from Burma march across a bamboo footbridge over the Mae Sai River. Although the Chinese Nationalist Government has often disclaimed any jurisdiction over these guerilla forces, they were being flown to Formosa from Siam. But with only 204 of the soldiers out of Burma, the evacuation stopped, due to a dispute over the nationality of thirty-eight Shan tribesmen, said to be Burmese.

ARAB-JEWISH HOSTILITY FLARES UP AGAIN : The Chief of the Jerusalem Municipal Water Department inspects the main water pipe-line which was shattered by a time bomb near Mount Scopus, in the demilitarised zone. The pipe-line runs from Ein Fara, the main source of water supply for the Arab section of the city. The recent Jewish attack on the Arab village of Qibya has highlighted the renewed tension between Arab and Jew on the border.

TRIESTE MOURNS HER RIOT VICTIMS : On a hill overlooking the port of Trieste mourners line the streets as the hearses of two of the six men killed in the recent rioting drive slowly to the cemetery. Previously there had been a funeral service at St. Justin Cathedral.

On left—**PART OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION IN THE STREETS OF TRIESTE :** It was estimated that over 80,000 people lined the route or joined the procession. The funeral of the six men passed off quietly. The men were killed when Trieste police opened fire during the Fascist-inspired riots. Their deaths caused an outbreak of anti-British feeling throughout Italy, which has now subsided. Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden, and the American State Department, all expressed their grave disquiet at the trend of Italian Government and popular opinion.

RIOTING IN LUCKNOW : A Government-controlled bus is set on fire during the two-day riots in Lucknow, in which forty people were injured. At one point police had to open fire, and a four-day curfew was imposed. The riots were started by students at the university, which Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, threatened to close. The rioters set fire to three post offices and two telephone exchanges. The first Test Match between India and the touring Commonwealth cricket team, which was to have been played at Lucknow, had to be cancelled.



THE LEADERS OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE GATHER ON THE TRIBUNE IN MOSCOW: After the review of troops by Marshal Bulganin, the leaders watched a great march-past followed by a demonstration to mark the Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the October Revolution. From left to right are: P. F. Shigariov, S. M. Budyonny, N. G. Kuznetsov, V. D. Sokolovsky, A. M. Vassilievsky, L. A. Goborov, G. K. Zhukov, N. A. Bulganin, K. E. Voroshilov, G. M. Malenkov, the Premier; V. M. Molotov, the Foreign Minister; N. S. Kruschev, L. M. Kaganovich, A. I. Mikoyan, M. Z. Saburov, M. G. Tervukhin, N. M. Shvernik, P. K. Ponomarenko, M. A. Suslov, P. M. Pospelov, N. N. Shatalin and M. F. Shkiriatov.

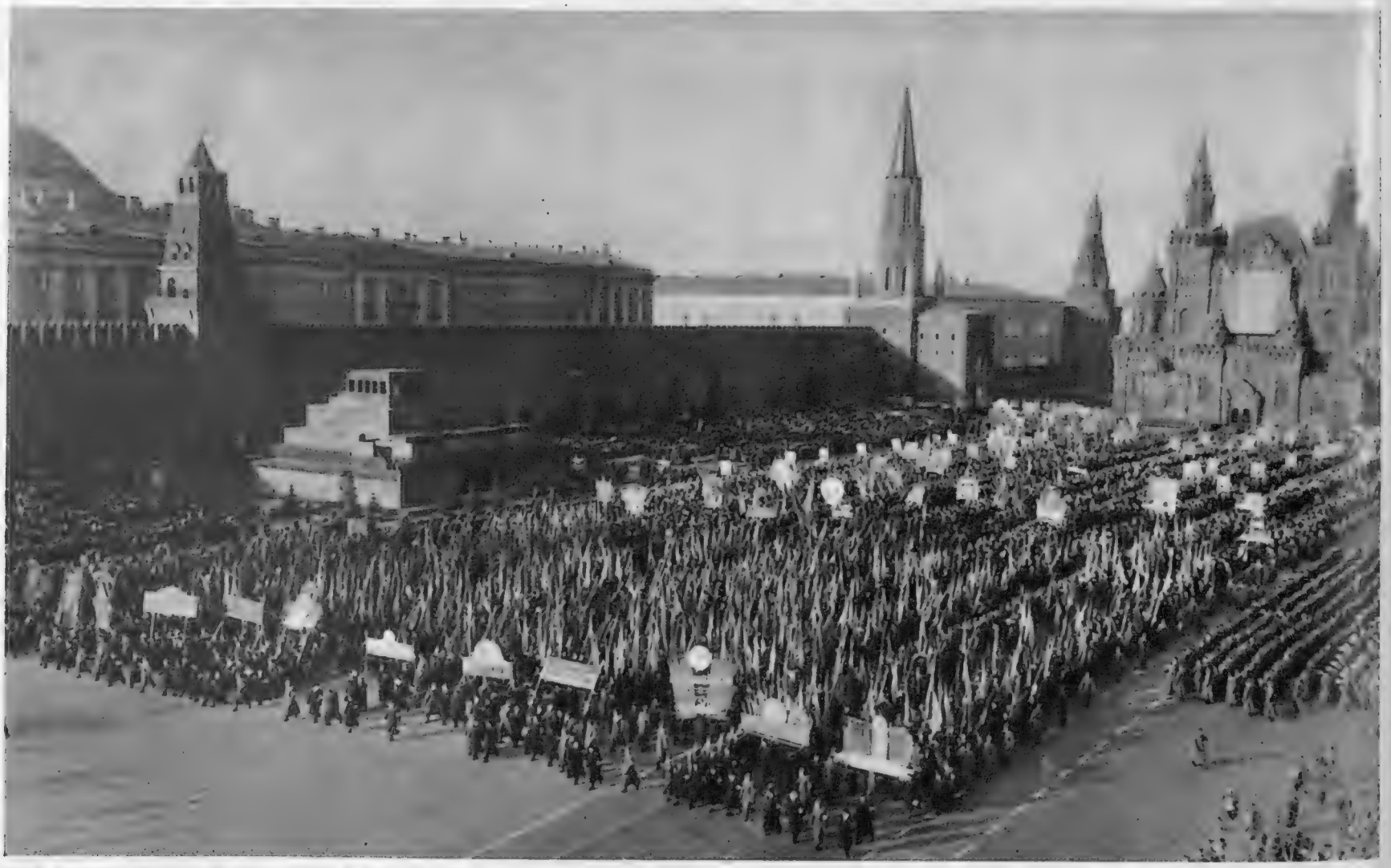
RED SQUARE PARADE

Celebrating the Thirty-sixth Anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution—The Leaders of Soviet Russia Take the Salute

Thirty-six years ago Russia was involved for eight months in the great upheaval that swept away the Tsardom with all its supports, put in its place, a weak middle-of-the-road Government which always seemed doomed to failure, and, finally, brought to power Lenin and his colleagues. It was on October 25 (by the old-style calendar) that Lenin returned from exile and overthrew Kerensky's Government, but the Revolution is now celebrated on November 7. The annual parade to mark the Revolution is a spectacular but stereotyped affair, altering little from year to year. To Western eyes the mass demonstration is of less interest than the parade of the leaders on the tribune in front of Lenin's and Stalin's mausoleum, for this parade can be a clear indication of who is "up" and who is "down" in the battle for precedence, and may indicate the shape of things to come.

To a close observer of the parade the banners carried by the workers are often of special interest, as they are an indication of industrial progress. This year it could be learned that the output of silk fabrics had already reached the target planned for 1955.

THE PARADE OF THE PARACHUTE TROOPS: Lorry loads of airborne men in the Red Square parade. *On right*—THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE REVIEWS THE PARADE: Marshal Bulganin driving through the Red Square before mounting the tribune to join Mr. Malenkov and the other leaders.



WITH BANNERS HELD ALOFT THEY CAME IN THEIR THOUSANDS THROUGH THE RED SQUARE: This was the parade of working people which followed the military parade. The columns of marchers converged from all parts of the city. Fifteen hundred banners were carried in the column of standard-bearers, which is seen heading the procession. In the lead was the banner of Moscow, decorated with the Order of Lenin. Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Mr. H. Pollitt were all represented by portraits.

MOSSADEK SLEEPS IN THE MIDST OF THE TRIAL: He is seen resting his head on the shoulder of his lawyer, whom at another stage in the proceedings he punched in the face. The trial has been taking place at Sultanabad, some miles from Teheran.

DR. MOSSADEK ROARS LIKE A BULL AS HE CHALLENGES THE COMPETENCE OF THE MILITARY TRIBUNAL TO TRY HIM: The ailing ex-Premier stumbled and staggered into court, weaving his head from side to side. When he first sat down he kept his head on his chest, breathing heavily and sometimes moaning. He told the court that if released he would commit suicide; he wanted no mercy, that was for traitors.

THE MOODS OF MOSSADEK IN THE SULTANABAD COURT

The Pyjama-clad ex-Premier Faces a Military Tribunal with Tears, Petulance and Recriminations

THE MILITARY JUDGES AT THE TRIAL OF DR. MOSSADEK: The officers taking their places in the court before the opening of the case against the former Prime Minister of Persia. There were five judges in the tribunal.

Mohammad Mossadek, the aged and fanatical leader who has strutted, staggered, wept and fainted his way across the stage of Persian affairs during the course of over two years of tension resulting from the oil dispute, was brought to justice last week before a military tribunal at the military barracks at Sultanabad, some ten miles from Teheran, and as ever he was true to his role. He wore pyjamas in court, and he wept and moaned unceasingly, save for those moments when he shouted abuse at the chairman or read in his shrill voice his long and complicated defence. Appointed as his defence counsel was Colonel Bozorgmehr, but Mossadek would have none of him, and when the ex-Premier struck the Colonel in court there was general uproar. After he had punched the Colonel, Dr. Mossadek walked out of the court. He staggered from his seat, weeping, brushed aside his lawyer, and lurched past three court officials before he was halted at the door. "You must not leave the court," the usher said, whereupon Dr. Mossadek buried his head in his arms and wept again. "God forgive your dead father!" he sobbed at the usher before being escorted back to his seat. The scuffle with his lawyer was the climax of Dr. Mossadek's efforts to disown the defence counsel appointed by the court. At one point Dr. Mossadek shouted at him: "Go away, damn you!" The lawyer stood with bowed head, but Dr. Mossadek, swaying on his feet, shouted at the judges: "Give the order to cut my head off, but I must defend myself!"

THE TANTRUMS OF MOSSADEK: *Left*—Mossadek in one of his wordy battles with the chairman. The ex-Premier constantly reminded the court that he was very ill, but some observers thought that he appeared tougher than ever. *Right*—The ex-Premier lying on the seat in the dock at the Sultanabad Court after he had hit his lawyer and attempted to rush from the building. Mossadek was ordered by the chairman to return to the dock, and it was then that he lay down and moaned.

HOLLAND'S LAST DYKE SEALED

The Great Gap at Ouwerkerk Closed at the Second Attempt

On right—

THIS WAS D-DAY MINUS ONE: The caissons being floated into position on the day before the gap was finally closed, the last gap remaining in the Dutch sea defences which were overwhelmed in the great storm-tide of February 1, 1953. Altogether four caissons had to be placed into position to close this gap at Ouwerkerk. Two of them are seen astride the entrance-way. The third caisson was pushed into place on the morning of November 6, and the last caisson was put in on the same day, towards midnight. The whole operation had to be planned with infinite care by the Dutch Ministry of Dykes and Transport.

THE LAST HOURS OF CLOSING THE GAP: The caissons seen as they neared their final position in the gap at Ouwerkerk, in the south-eastern tip of the Island of Schouwen Duiveland. The first attempt to close the gap was made in August, but this failed when one of the caissons gave way in the face of the very strong tide sweeping through the gap. The work of finally sealing the breach was followed with great interest throughout the Netherlands, a series of graphic broadcasts describing the scene.

Holland's fight against the flood havoc which overwhelmed her in the storm-tide of February 1, 1953, reached a vital stage on November 6, when the last of the great gaps in her defences was closed. To the Dutch people this closure at Ouwerkerk was a great symbolic occasion, and the Queen and many of her Ministers were present to see the last of the caissons floated into position.

On left—

MIDNIGHT WATCH—THE QUEEN WITNESSES THE LAST MOMENTS IN A GREAT FEAT OF ENGINEERING: Queen Juliana seen with Mr. Josef Algera, one of the Cabinet Ministers responsible for the work of reconstruction; Dr. Drees, the Prime Minister, and Mr. H. B. J. Witte, a prominent engineer, as the fourth and last caisson went into position at Ouwerkerk.

The caissons were made in England, at Portland, and they each weigh 7,500 tons.

The great gap at Ouwerkerk has proved the most intractable of all the gaps because of the tide race. The Ministry of Dykes and Transport first attempted to close the gap in August by constructing a circular dyke round it. In this dyke two caissons were to have been placed, but on August 28 the eastern jetty, which was to support one of the caissons, gave way. After this defeat new plans were made to repair the old dyke by the use of four Phœnix caissons.

Now this second operation has succeeded. Even now that victory has been gained over the sea Schouwen Duiveland has to be drained, but the pumps are already going into action, and after that will come the chemists and the agriculturists to work their magic formulæ for soil reclamation.

THE LARGEST BRICK-WORKS IN THE WORLD—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE LONDON BRICK COMPANY'S NEW WORKS AT STEWARTBY: All the main buildings of the factory and many of the amenities built for the staff may be seen in this picture. The great feature of the Stewartby works is that a model village was built to house the staff who, together, produce 12,000,000 bricks a week at this one spot.

DIGGING THE CLAY WHICH WILL BE USED FOR MAKING BRICKS AT THE LONDON BRICK COMPANY'S FACTORY AT STEWARTBY: This massive machine, operated electrically by one man, digs clay at the rate of 420 tons per hour.

The BRICK-MAKING INDUSTRY in BRITAIN

A SURVEY OF AN ALL-IMPORTANT INDUSTRY UPON WHICH SO MANY OTHER INDUSTRIES AND TRADES DEPEND

By JOHN MAY

Last Wednesday the bi-annual Building Exhibition opened at Olympia, and a visitor to this show could not fail to be impressed particularly by the displays relating to brick-making. At the present time bricks are in very short supply, and although "flettons," or the ordinary house-brick, are fairly plentiful, the specialised bricks that are used in building factories and schools are most difficult to obtain, and it is often a matter of months before an order can be delivered. In this article, Mr. John May describes the processes used in brick-making, both mechanical and hand, and also discusses the many problems that manufacturers have to overcome. It is often difficult to foresee what the number of bricks required for any one year will be, and a last-minute cut in capital expenditure by the Government can mean a surplus of bricks and dismissal for many factory workers.

BY a magnificent effort, the British brick-making industry is all set to beat its own "target" figure for the current year. The figure originally aimed at for 1953 was 7,000,000,000 bricks. The production total now confidently predicted is 7,100,000,000—less than 2 per cent. behind the estimated 7,200,000,000 demand.

When the present brick shortage is overcome, what then? It cannot last. "In a year's time, or less, certain brick travellers will be knocking very discreetly on my door," said a prominent architect last week. The brick industry itself is by no means happy about recent chaotic conditions, and would welcome a more stable situation and a chance to concentrate on its own internal problems. "Twice since the war brick-manufacturers have been asked to increase production," the National Federation of Clay Industries points out, "and then cuts in capital expenditure have left them to pile bricks and sometimes to sack men."

Sections of the industry, meantime, are extremely modern and well organised; there is a solid middle section; but, at the lower end, methods and production could be improved considerably by taking advantage of the help available. Around the "homogeneous mass of argillaceous baked earth" that constitutes the elemental brick

(*Continued on following page*)

REMOVING THE OVERBURDEN: The overburden is the soil on top of the cl and this conveyer belt is carrying off the unwanted soil. *On left*—A lar travelling conveyer mounted on a tower. This is another machine used removing the overburden from the pit, thus laying bare the useful cl

The BRICK-MAKING INDUSTRY—

THE TOP OF A BRICK KILN AT THE STEWARTBY WORKS OF THE LONDON BRICK COMPANY: One kiln such as this can turn out the phenomenal total of 2,500,000 bricks a week and can hold 76,000 bricks at one time. The largest Stewartby kiln contains 80 chambers.

TRANSPORTING THE CLAY FROM THE PITS TO THE WORKS: This method conveying the dug clay is in current use at Stewartby, but at the Pet borough works of the London Brick Company an aerial ropeway is us

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are cobwebbed the craftsmanship, traditions and superstitions of hundreds of generations since the ancient cities of Babylonia were built with fired bricks 6,000 years ago. But relentlessly, especially while the shortage lasts, the competition of new materials and ideas increases.

Science, in the form of the Hoffman continuous-burning kiln, began to impinge upon brick-making only a century ago. Modern methods, therefore, viewed in the vast perspective of time, have so far only made a scratch on the surface of a product that is at least three times as old as Christianity itself.

The modern brick is of a size that can be conveniently handled with one hand (about a hand's span long), with the length twice the width plus the thickness of a mortar joint, and the depth about two-thirds the width. It is described variously and unsystematically according to colour, surface, use, materials, place of origin or method of making. There are rustic bricks, Leicester reds, foundation bricks, yellow bricks, stiff plastic pressed bricks, bricks of gault and marl and blaes, and many more. That the trade names adopted for certain bricks add variety to this catalogue is, perhaps, the most that need be said.

The many varieties fall into three main classifications: common bricks; facing bricks; and the red, blue and brindled semi-vitrified, acid-resisting "engineering" bricks. In addition, "stock" bricks may be anything—a hand-made brick; the brick of the district; or the yellow London stock brick, which, incidentally, is *not* made from London clay (nor by the London Brick Company) but from deposits of clay and chalk in Kent and Essex, close to the Thames. Finally, "flettons," which are named after Fletton, near Peterborough, are common bricks made from a very special clay—a matter we shall return to.

Most counties in Britain have suitable deposits of some kind of clay, and few are without brick-works. The raw material varies from plastic surface deposits to the softer kinds of slate. The methods of making, apart from the age-old hand-process which still continues, are four: the soft mud process, used mostly in the south and east of England; the wire-cut process, which chops brick-lengths from extruded clay; the stiff plastic process, which takes a rough brick "clot" and presses it; and the semi-dry press process, which presses clay-dust into a firm "green" brick.

By these means, 8,000,000,000 bricks were made in the peak year of 1938. There were some 1,300 brick-works in the country then; to-day there are about 950, owned by six or seven hundred firms. Many small concerns have dropped out. Nevertheless, the industry's output is climbing rapidly towards this pre-war figure, helped by the industry-within-an-industry which produces flettons.

More than one third of the National output of bricks comes from a score of brick-works producing fletton-type bricks. There are four big fletton brick-making concerns: the London Brick Company, the Marston Valley Brick Company, Eastwoods, and Whittlesea Brick Company. One quarter of the country's output is produced by the first of these concerns, the London Brick Company, which owns at Stewartby, near Bedford, the largest brick-works in the world, producing 12,000,000 bricks a week.

The London Brick Company's immense production is founded upon an ideal raw material, the Lower Oxford Shale Clay, which was laid down at the mouth of rivers flowing 150,000,000 years ago into the vast Jurassic sea which covered the whole of England east of Yorkshire and Dorset. Greeny-grey in colour, it is found in deep uniform deposits. Although a clay, it breaks like a shale; it is "crunchy," brick-makers say, and so can be powdered and handled with remarkable ease. It contains the right amount of water to coalesce again under pressure, and finally it has within itself the fuel to burn the bricks in which it is made.

This blessing to brick-makers outcrops around the Soke of Peterborough, in Bedfordshire, and again in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire. There is, perhaps, 15 to 20 ft. of "callow" overburden to remove and to into disused parts of the pit. And then the clay may be anything up to 150 ft. in depth.

Stewartby requires some 40,000 tons a week. It is dug at present by a single electrically-powered Ruston Bucyrus excavator, which shaves off the tons at a time in its bucket from the 60 ft. cliff-face of the working. A relatively tiny "junior" digger picks up the half-hundredweight crumbs and deposits them where "father" can more conveniently reach them.

Kibbled, and the occasional lumps of limestone thrown out from it, the clay is funnelled into wagons that take 4½-tons each—enough to make 1,000 "green" unbaked bricks. The wagons are chained up an incline into the works, and up-ended bodily by a tipping device into storage pans which feed the revolving grinding pans.

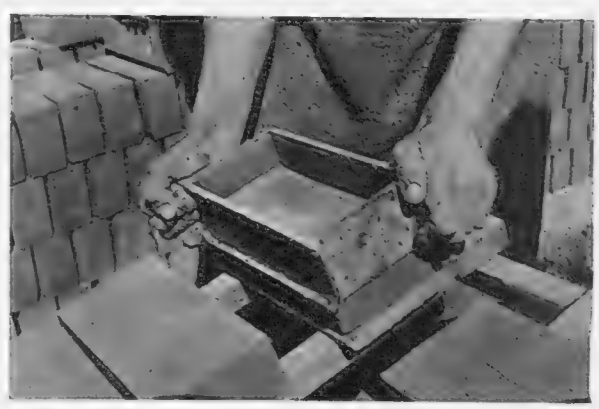
The powdered clay is sieved through screens (some revolving, and some of a more recent plain wire type) and distributed by belt conveyer to the line of brick-presses below. A charge of the powder goes into each mould and is squeezed twice in

CLAY FROM THE PITS IS TIPPED INTO STORAGE AT THE STEWARTBY WORKS: This process is carried out mechanically. From storage, the clay will be ground by special machines before being mechanically processed.

WITHDRAWING BRICKS FROM A KILN AFTER FIRING: The machine handling these bricks is also used for inserting the "green" or unburnt bricks into the kiln. The bricks are stacked on a pallet and the task of moving them can be performed in a few minutes by one man.

THE ANALYTICAL LABORATORY IN THE RESEARCH BLOCK OF THE LONDON BRICK COMPANY: Now that the industry is so highly mechanised, brick-making has become a science rather than a craft, and the laboratory and test rooms are important sections of modern brick-works.

A DOWN-DRAUGHT KILN IN AN ESSEX BRICKYARD: This is one of the smaller brickyards whose interests are looked after by the Rural Industries Bureau, a body financed by the Treasury. The R.I.B. was established in 1921 by the Minister of Agriculture, and during its existence it has proved invaluable to many small brickyards, and other industries, throughout the country. Among the amenities it offers are free advice and a clay-testing centre. It has played an important part in keeping alive the manufacture of hand-made bricks.



CUTTING CLAY LINTOTTS AT A SMALL BRICKYARD AT HORSHAM, IN SUSSEX: The clay has just been drawn from a Lintott Pugmill, a machine that mixes clay with water to form a plastic mass. *On right*—Removing the mould from a formed clay Lintott. These are two important processes in the manufacture of hand-made bricks.

above and below simultaneously. The mass is moved into another mould and pressed twice again. This completes the four-press process. The brick emerges a dark olive in colour, firm to handle, with a feel and sound suggestive of those of stiff rubber.

By the latest method, the bricks are hand-stacked—1,000 at a time, on a template, picked up in a single pile by an electrical fork-lift truck which grips pneumatically the separate rows of the lowest bricks—and set in position in the kiln by the same truck. Here they dry, burn, "soak" and cool, before being withdrawn by a similar truck in twelve or thirteen days' time as rosy-pink flettons. Some, before being set in the kiln, have been roughed up to produce a "rustic"-faced brick, and others are surface softened with steam and blasted with ironstone sand or brick-dust to produce sandfaced and "Tuscan"-facing bricks.

The largest Stewartby kiln consists of eighty chambers set back-to-back in a double row, with a capacity of 76,000 bricks each. Three of Stewartby's forest of thirty-one giant chimneys—those which the person approaching notices are marked with the letters *L*, *B*, and *C*—come from this kiln, which has five fires continually progressing clockwise round it at intervals of sixteen chambers apart.

To begin, the bricks are dried with gases conducted by flues from other chambers where fired bricks are cooling. Then, after five or six days, the fire now in the chamber next door is allowed to enter. The high carbonaceous content of the Oxford Clay begins to burn within the bricks themselves, and the temperature soars to 1050 degrees Centigrade. A glimpse through a ventilation hole on top of the kiln shows the bricks then white-hot and apparently quivering with their own incandescent heat. No fuel is added until after an easing of the temperature, when the kiln is fed with powdered coal from above for a further three days. Then, finally, comes the cooling and the drawing.

2,500,000 bricks a week come from this one kiln alone. Taking 20,000 bricks as enough for a house, Stewartby's total production of 12,000,000 a week is more than enough to provide bricks for a house every quarter-hour, day and night, through a five-day week. It is a phenomenal output of the most economical of all building materials, made possible by enlightened mechanisation and mass-production methods applied to an ideal material. Oxford clay, it will be noticed, requires no additional material, no tempering with water, no extra preliminary drying of the unburnt brick, and considerably less fuel than other clays.

With such a material and such an output, brick-making is no longer a craft but a science. "A reduction of wastage by 1 per cent. through the fletton

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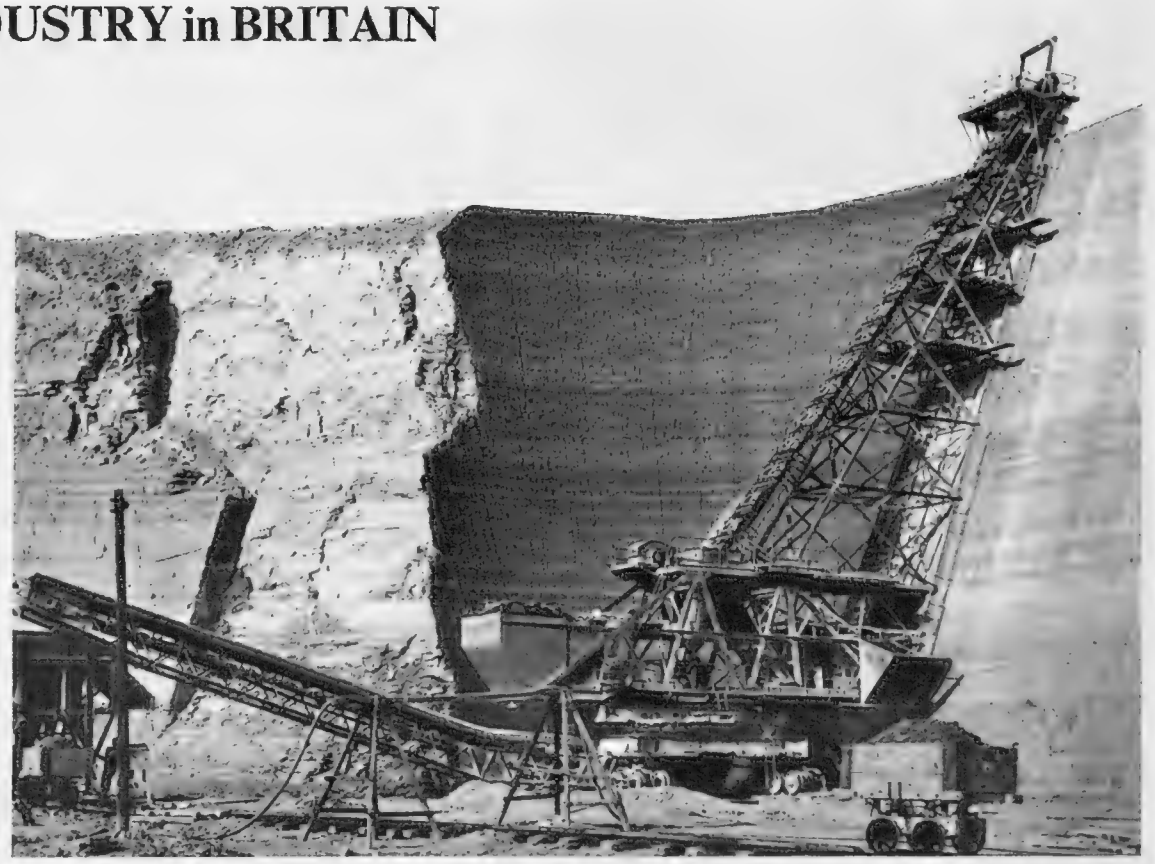
The BRICK-MAKING INDUSTRY in BRITAIN

(*Concluded from previous page*)

industry generally," said Dr. Gilbert H. Whiting, in an address to the British Ceramic Society in 1952, "would save more than £60,000 a year." Under Mr. Thomas G. W. Boxall, Chief Technical Officer at Stewartby, Dr. Whiting is in charge of the Research Laboratories, where the London Brick Company seeks continually to improve its processes and product by more exact and scientific knowledge.

A team of some thirty scientific workers carry on the research. It deals with geology and clay-testing, brick-making processes and machinery, kiln firing and design, and the chemical and physical testing of the everyday production brick. From borings, solid models and maps of the deposits of clay are made. Ammonite and belemnite fossils give clues to the age of particular layers. The fuel in clay samples is analysed. Shrinkage and fusion are measured by firing under load. Conditions in wooden experimental models of flues are tested with air pumps. Daily samples of bricks are measured and charted. Others are crushed under pressure, or subjected to tests simulating conditions in a damp wall.

And so the work goes on. There have been big changes in setting and firing in the last twenty-five years. More streamlined methods of digging are to come next year. Some 5,500,000 tons of raw clay and manufactured bricks have to be moved through the various processes annually, and the engineering side is always seeking to ease this burden by further mechanisation. "Since the war, in spite of a reduction of eight hours in the working week (four hours in each of two shifts) and the introduction of a second week's holiday," said an L.B.C. director, "our production rate is higher than in 1939, while using some 800 fewer men."



ANOTHER TYPE OF EXCAVATOR AT WORK AT CLAY PITS, AT WHITTLESEA : This machine planes the clay from the face of the pit, which in this place is over 90 ft. deep. Machines used for digging clay in brickworks are constantly being improved upon, and next year it is hoped that more efficient methods will be in everyday use.

Side-by-side with such advanced production methods and scientific enterprise, there still exists within the brick-making industry the old-time rural craft of brick-making, managed and carried on by men with generations of experience behind them. But this kind of brick-making also has its backing of research to-day. At the laboratories of the British Ceramic Research Association, at Stoke-on-Trent, which covers the non-fletton section of the industry, more than 100 scientific workers are employed.

Their work is concerned with the output of two-thirds of the nation's bricks, which are made according to a wide diversity of processes. The Berkhamsted Brick Company, for instance, uses the soft-mud process less than thirty miles from Stewartby to produce its yearly 3,500,000 quality facing bricks, all sandfaced and many of them hand-made.

The raw material is dug from a clay pocket. On the clay heap, it is layered out, soaked down and pugged. "Throw it at the wall now," says a workman, "and it will hang there." Passing through crushing rollers, it is taken into the brick-making shop. From the hoppers it passes to the Berry three-mould brick-making machines, and emerges as undried bricks, so soft that a finger-touch will mark them.

The soft bricks are lifted on to racks with two pallet boards, and the racks railed into one of sixteen tunnel driers, holding 7,000 bricks each. After seven to ten days of steam heat, the dried bricks are barrowed to one of a pair of Scotch kilns, where they are burnt with six fires each side for forty hours, given three days to "soak" and cool, and drawn as an attractive, multi-coloured brick of purplish grey and brown.

Hand-making is a similar process, but goes on only from April to September, as the bricks are dried in the open air for a fortnight or three weeks before being fired.

With his single mould, a skilled brick-maker turns out some 1,250 bricks a day. The creases formed on the side of a hand-made brick, as the brick-maker throws his dumpling of clay into the mould, give it a "flower" (not present in bricks made by machine) which architects appreciate for the beauty it adds to their brickwork. Britain's hand-made bricks are a permanent facing material with a wonderful variety of colour and texture, and even in the greyest of weather any wall that is built with them shows an appealing warmth. Even now this is not always as widely known as it should be.

Recognising this fact, the Rural Industries Bureau has done much to bring the worth of different types of bricks to builders, architects and planners. The Bureau helps small brickyards in numerous ways: by pointing out the importance of not confining sales to too few customers; by displaying their products; and especially by clay-testing and advice about production.

A brickyard owner in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the Bureau reported last year, wished to improve his drying methods because his system was costly and slow, and the delay in drying was holding up production. A sample of clay was sent to the Bureau's Clay-testing Station at Arborfield, in Berkshire, where it was found that the bricks could be dried safely in half the time. Plans for a new drying system were prepared and sent to the owner, who decided to adopt the proposals. Preliminary tests at the brickyard were successful.

Another yard had difficulty in producing bricks of its normal colour because a seam of clay had been exhausted. "A sample of clay from the new seam was sent to the testing station and it was found that by varying the method of processing and the kiln temperatures a good quality hand-made brick of the same colour could be produced."

Architects account the closing of so many small local brick-works as a great loss to the building materials industry. This drop in the number of brick-works is just one factor of many that have made successful planning even a year ahead almost impossible for architects and builders since the war. "A year ago," said a large builder recently, "steel was rationed and bricks were plentiful. Now bricks are scarce and steel is free. But cement, in the meantime, has become short because of the flood disasters of last winter."

Conditions in materials have been such, in fact, that those who thirst after novelty have had sufficient excuse to warrant turning away from bricks to other materials—though possibly only temporarily. A machine-made brick will last centuries, brick-makers say, and a craftsman's hand-made brick will last for ever. But science is pressing hard upon tradition's heels. "We haven't got much further yet in brick-building than the Assyrians and Egyptians of thousands of years ago," said a county architect. "All the same," he added, "I 'm a brick-lover."

STACKS OF BRICKS IN THE YARD OF THE BERKHAMSTED BRICK COMPANY : In the background are the drying chambers. The large vents seen on the roof draw the surplus moisture from the drying bricks. Because careful and selective digging is necessary at Berkhamsted, many of the bricks are still made by hand. Before the war, however, it was decided to install Berry machines, as there was a shortage of good hand-moulders and because the technique used by these machines was very similar to the hand-moulding technique. The war interrupted the change-over from machine to hand-moulding, and even now the mechanisation is not complete. Berkhamsted is one of the few brickyards in this country where the two processes of hand and machine moulding may be seen going on side by side.

TAKING A MOULD FROM THE BERRY MACHINE : The wooden tray in the workman's hand contains clay which will be pushed into the body of the machine and be moulded. This machine uses a technique similar to that of hand-moulding.

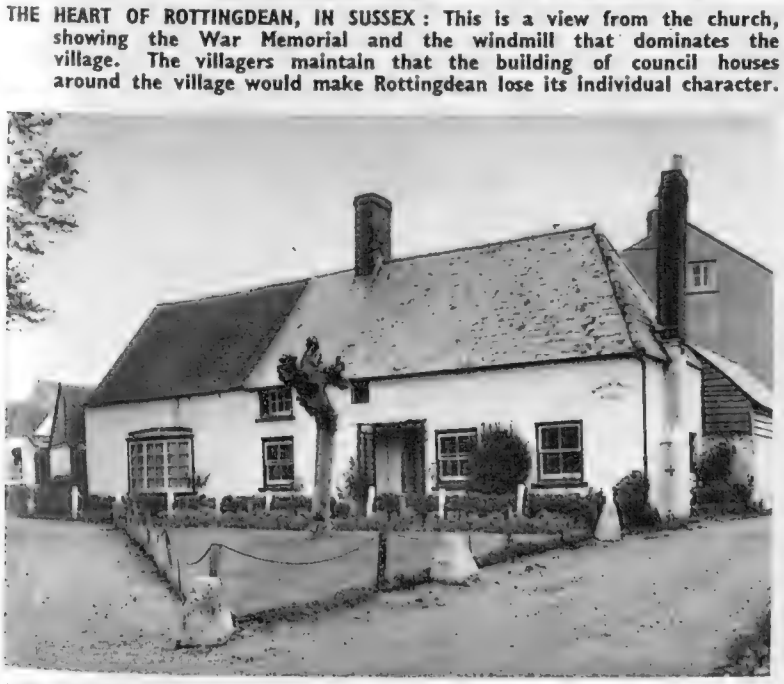
THE VILLAGE OF ROTTINGDEAN, IN SUSSEX, WHERE BRIGHTON COUNCIL PLAN TO BUILD HOUSES: Rottingdean is incorporated in the County Borough of Brighton, and a housing scheme that has recently been announced by the Brighton Council has given rise to great alarm in Rottingdean. The Council plan to build houses on the outskirts of this lovely village, which was once the home of Burne-Jones and Rudyard Kipling, and the Rottingdean Preservation Society are making strong protests.

THE HEART OF ROTTINGDEAN, IN SUSSEX: This is a view from the church, showing the War Memorial and the windmill that dominates the village. The villagers maintain that the building of council houses around the village would make Rottingdean lose its individual character.

ROTTINGDEAN PROTESTS

A Plan to Build Council Houses Around the Lovely Sussex Village of Rottingdean has Given Rise to Many Protests

Although the front at Rottingdean has been considerably modernised, the heart of the village has for many centuries maintained its own individual character, and because they fear that the scheme of the Brighton Council to build houses around the outskirts of the village will link it up with neighbouring communities, and thus cause the village to lose its individual character, the Rottingdean Preservation Society have protested to the Brighton authorities. They say that there are many other places, both in the centre of Rottingdean and elsewhere, where the building could take place and not destroy the village's character. The village is part of the County Borough of Brighton, which is faced with the problem of over-population. It is planned to build 320 houses in Rottingdean, which will mean an increased population of 45 per cent., while Brighton will only have an increase of 11½ per cent.



THE WHIPPING-POST HOUSE: In the grounds of this quaint old house in Rottingdean are a whipping-post, stocks and a pillory. *On right*—The High Street, which still maintains much of the atmosphere of village life. In the Church of St. Margaret's, Rottingdean, lie the ashes of Burne-Jones and his wife, and there are stained glass windows designed by the Pre-Raphaelite artist. Although the front at Rottingdean has been modernised, the heart of the village has changed very little.

THE PUBLIC LOOK IN ON "THE CITY"

Stock Exchange Proceedings can be Watched from a Public Gallery, Nicknamed the "Aquarium"

For the first time since the present Stock Exchange was established in 1801 the proceedings will be on view to the public. For some years now there has been increasing pressure to give all possible publicity to the functions of the Stock Exchange, which is so integral a part of the life of the City of London. The first step towards arousing the public interest has now been taken, and the opening this week of the public gallery at the Stock Exchange marks an interesting break with tradition. The Chairman of the Stock Exchange, Sir John Braithwaite, at first had some difficulty in persuading members that the innovation was in their interests, but now they are unanimous in their approval. Though one cannot actually hear the proceedings from the gallery, the scene on the floor of the Stock Exchange as brokers and jobbers go about their business provides a lively spectacle. Admission to the new gallery is free, and it may well be that the Stock Exchange will come to rival the Old Bailey and the House of Commons as one of the great free sights of London. Already it is expected that parties from the schools and the universities will visit the Stock Exchange. And the members on the floor of the House may themselves derive some entertainment from staring up at the visitors who gaze down from what some members have already nicknamed the "Aquarium."

THE CROWDED SCENE WHICH THE PUBLIC CAN NOW SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME: The view from the public gallery of brokers and jobbers conducting business on the Stock Exchange. It is hoped that the new gallery will arouse public interest and contribute to a better understanding of the functions of the Stock Exchange.

HOW STOCKS AND SHARES ARE MARKETED: In the right background is the Gilt-edged market; in the left background are the dealers in oil shares. Brokers and jobbers in the American market are seen from the new gallery in the foreground.

A VIEW FROM THE PUBLIC GALLERY: The public is now able to watch the proceedings on the floor of the Stock Exchange from the gallery which opened this week. The glass windows that enclose the gallery prevents members of the public from hearing the transactions, but they can get an all-round view of the busy scene below them. *On right*—Mr. R. H. Twining, a Deputy Chairman of the Stock Exchange Council, and other members viewing the Stock Exchange from the gallery. The chart on the ledge enables visitors to identify the various markets on the floor of the Stock Exchange.

THE MINING MARKET ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE: These are the dealers in mining shares who all meet in one section of the Stock Exchange. To the right can be seen the beginning of the Industrial market. With brokers and jobbers jostling each other, some of the markets naturally tend to overlap.

WINTER SPORT IN SCOTLAND

The Lure of the Highlands for the Ski-ing Enthusiast

A WINTER SPORTS PARADISE NEAR BRAEMAR: Most people are agreed that the Highlands in winter have something very special to offer in a wild type of beauty unexcelled anywhere else in Europe, a beauty of space and distance, more akin to Lapland and North Norway than anywhere else perhaps. The view here is over a cloud-sea towards Braemar. The peak on the left is Lochnagar. The heights above Derry Lodge, which lies among the trees, offer some of the best ski-ing grounds in Scotland. On this and the following pages Tom Weir, the noted climber and photographer, shows some of the outstanding sights and scenes in Scotland in winter-time, most notably in the Cairngorms.

SILENT UPON A PEAK: From the summit of Ben Lui, which towers to a height of 3,708 ft., the climbers look over the steep wall which they have climbed, and the summit cairn can be seen in the background on the far side of the gully. Ben Lomond can be seen behind the head of the left-hand climber.

WINTER SPORT IN SCOTLAND

SURVEYING THE HIGH HILLS : In this picture, taken on the summit of the Cairngorm massif of Carn Lochain, the skier looks over a snow cornice overhanging dangerous cliffs. In bad weather, in blinding conditions, it is all too easy to go over one of these edges. Braemar is a good centre for climbers in the Cairngorms, which lie between the Dee and the Spey.

A FAST DOWNHILL SWOOP FROM THE SUMMIT OF A SCOTTISH HILL : Here the skiers force the boards through deep snow which seems to fly like sea spray from the ski edges.

STEEP MOUNTAIN WALLS LIKE THIS CALL FOR ALPINE TECHNIQUE : This is the centre Gully of Ben Lui, in Perthshire, and affords excellent sport when conditions are good. It is not until after the New Year that conditions become ideal for climbing, for the snow before then is too new and soft.

In the Scottish Highlands winter is more Arctic than Alpine, when gales of hurricane force pile up snow in the glens and frost binds the rivers with ice.

Late December and January are often severe months in Scotland, and sportsmen from all parts of Britain are learning that the Highlands at this time have something very special to offer in a wild type of beauty unexcelled anywhere else in Europe.

All the photographs shown here are of recent vintage, most of them, in fact, having been taken on Christmas holidays over the last three years, when snow-sport has been good in all central districts of Scotland.

As yet, there are no ski-lifts of the conventional type in Scotland, but short rope-tows have been installed on slopes in the Killin and Glen Shee areas, and there are few week-ends when snow is on the ground that these are not in use.

There is an ambitious plan afoot at the present moment to provide a really first-class tow on the slopes of Meall a Bhuridh, above Kingshouse Inn, on the Moor of Rannoch, where ski-ing continues into May during most years.

Mountaineers are no less enthusiastic than skiers in making use of winter conditions on Scottish hills, but considerable experience is required in forcing the difficult routes on steep mountain walls when they are plastered with ice, and the climbing can be judged by Alpine standards.

Sudden changes of weather is the greatest danger on lonely Scottish hills, where ferocious blizzards have killed strong men when within easy reach of shelter. It is better to build an igloo or dig a trench and lie low out of the wind and storm, rather than try to fight a really severe blizzard.

But there are plenty of good centres close to hotel and motor roads where good winter sport can be enjoyed with safety in the short days of Christmas. Newtonmore, Aviemore, Dalwhinnie and Killin are ideal places to try a sample of what Scotland has to offer.

Tom Weir

THE SPEY NEAR LAGGAN BRIDGE, ITS HALF-FROZEN WATERS AGLEAM BENEATH THE WINTER SKY : Winter binds the fastest-flowing river in Scotland with ice, and the high peak of Carn Liath in the background is snow-covered, conditions that delight the eyes of winter sports enthusiasts, who in the past few years have been flocking to Scotland at Christmas in increasing numbers. The Spey rises in the hills between Lochs Lochry and Laggan.

LOOKING WESTWARD OVER LOCHABER : There are often days of calm, when on the high tops not a breath of wind stirs, and sweeping views over Arctic Scotland lie all round, such as this from the peak of Geal Charn.

BEFORE THE OFF : There is a freezing wind blowing on the tops, and the skiers are all eagerness to push off for a fine descent on crusted snow surfaced with frost crystals. In the background are the peaks above Dalwhinnie, which are renowned for good ski-ing conditions.

A NEW CITY IN PENNSYLVANIA

The New Community of Levittown, Which is the Largest Pre-planned City to be Built Since Washington in 1790

When the firm of Levitt and Sons agreed to provide homes for the staff of the huge Fairless Steelworks of the U.S. Steel Corporation at Morrisville, Pennsylvania, they took upon themselves much more than the mere task of building a number of houses. Because the factory is being built in what was recently rolling farmland, with no near-by towns or villages, Levitt and Sons have had to create a complete city. They have had to build sewerage, waterworks, electricity plants, schools, churches, shops and cinemas; in fact, they have had to construct every type of building that is found in an average-size town.

Levittown, as it has been named, is pre-planned even down to the smallest lane, and every tree was planted according to the map. Last year 4,000 houses were built and sold almost before they were completed. By the end of next year, it is hoped that another 12,000 will have been completed. The houses themselves were designed by Levitt and are mostly single-storey dwellings, with asbestos sides and a low-pitched roof. The town is divided into "master" blocks, subdivided into neighbourhoods of from 500 to 700 houses. Each block is connected to a main through highway by one road, and no house has its frontage along this main road.

The popularity of Levittown has led to some of the plans being changed, and when it is eventually finished it will be considerably bigger than was originally expected. In fact, in ten years' time it is expected that it will rank among the fifty largest towns in the United States, with a population of over 200,000.

LEVITTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA—A PRE-PLANNED CITY UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN THE UNITED STATES: When the building firm of Levitt and Sons took on the task of building homes for the staff of a huge new steelworks, they found that they had to build a complete town, as there were no facilities of any kind.

PROSPECTIVE BUYERS LOOKING OVER HOUSES UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT LEVITTOWN: They are standing in what will soon become their living-room. By spring of this year around 4,000 houses had been sold and another 6,000 are being planned and built. Levittown is proving very popular.

PART OF THE SHOPPING CENTRE IN THE NEW TOWN IN PENNSYLVANIA: Among the amenities that had to be built for the new town were churches for many denominations, schools, shops and sewerage. Over 5,000 acres of farmland have now been turned into a modern city.

MOVING DAY AT HESTON AERODROME: This is one of the tests that took place at Heston Aerodrome recently, of a new building that has been designed for an oil company. It is to be used by oil prospectors and it is completely mobile. When it is necessary to move the house, which is attached to a steel raft, all that is necessary is for the house to be lifted on a trailer, hitched to a wagon and towed to the next prospecting site. Separate houses can also be bolted together to make a larger building, such as a large block of offices. The houses, which are built to withstand any climate, were developed by Maycrete Limited and G. H. Burgess and Company.

Below—

THE NEW MOBILE HOUSE ARRIVING AT HESTON AERODROME FOR TESTS: Many of the tests at the aerodrome were held over rough surfaces such as would be met in the desert.

HELICOPTER ANTICS

PICTURES OF THESE USEFUL AIRCRAFT AND SOME OF THE MANY AND VARIED TASKS THEY ARE CAPABLE OF PERFORMING

A HELICOPTER AND ITS SHADOW IN KOREA : This striking view of a helicopter of the Fifth Air Force in Korea was taken during a demonstration of rescue techniques in the Han River near Seoul. The practice rescue, carried out by a H-19 of the 2157th Air Rescue Squadron of the United States Air Force, was very similar to many that have been carried out under operational conditions in Korea. Helicopters, known to the troops as "Choppers," came into their own in Korea and have proved invaluable not only in rescue work but in supply missions, reconnaissance and many other military tasks.

AN AMERICAN H-13 HELICOPTER DEMONSTRATES ITS FINE MANŒUVRABILITY : This machine, piloted by a member of the U.S. Army Air Force, is seen juggling with an oil drum. Using the end of its landing ski, it tipped the drum over, rolled it along the ground and then reset it.

THE NEW YORK DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AVIATION GIVES A DEMONSTRATION OF HELICOPTERS : This H-13 is seen carrying a string of flags used to warn small ships who do not have wireless of imminent storms or hurricanes. The demonstrations were held to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Wright Brothers' flight.

On right—

THE HELICOPTER COMES TO THE RESCUE : An airman has just been picked up from the sea by a coastguard launch and is here seen being hoisted aboard a helicopter to be taken ashore for speedy medical attention. This is another scene from the demonstrations that were given in New York Harbour to celebrate the historic flight of the Wright Brothers on December 17, 1903.

On left—

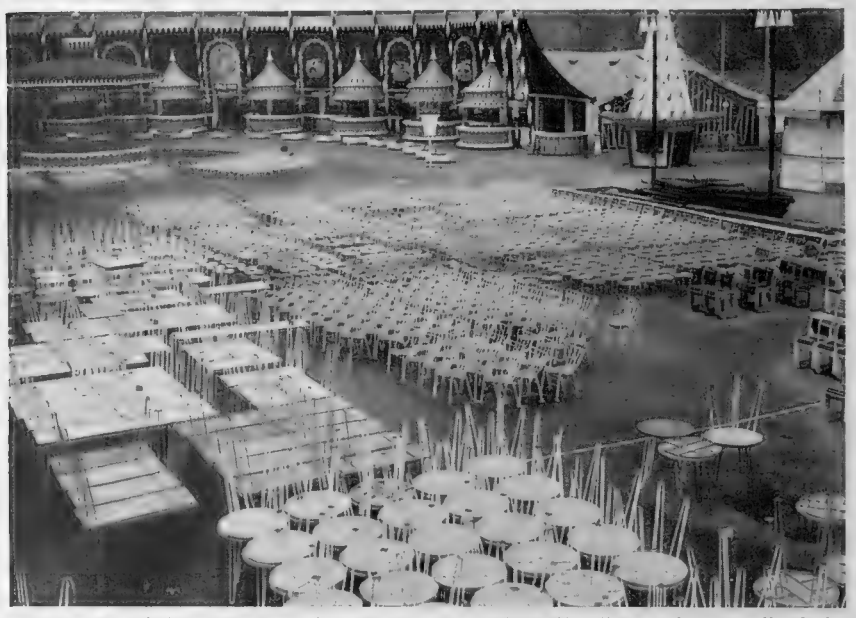
ONE OF THE LARGEST HELICOPTERS IN THE WORLD BECOMES AIRBORNE FOR THE FIRST TIME : The U.S. Air Force YH-16 Transporter is seen as she makes her maiden flight at Philadelphia International Airport. The flight took place before an audience of military officials from Washington and the Wright Patterson Air Force base. Slowly the aircraft, which can accommodate forty passengers, lifted from the ground, hovered motionlessly for a few minutes, and then demonstrated its manœuvrability by turning about in its own length and flying forwards, backwards and sideways. This demonstration was the culmination of weeks of rigorous tests carried out on the ground. The helicopter was designed and built by the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation of Morton, Pennsylvania, under the guidance of the Wright Air Development Centre, part of the United States Air Research and Development Command. This large aircraft is over 78 ft. long, and when on the ground, the tail reaches 25 ft. into the air. The power is supplied by two engines developing a total of 3,300 h.p., turning two tandem rotors, each with three blades. If one engine should fail in flight, the other engine can be coupled to drive both rotors. Officials watching the first flight were very pleased with the helicopter's performance, and an official spokesman said that it was realising every expectation.

The Home News in Pictures

MAINLY FROM LONDON

The Queen Mother at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art: Sir Gordon Richards in a Film: the Queen's Shallop: Sir Winston and King Gustav of Sweden: the Train Crash at London Bridge: and Other Home Events

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER SEEN DURING HER VISIT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: The Queen Mother is seen with Sir Kenneth Barnes, the Principal of the R.A.D.A., watching a display of mime performed by students of the Academy. After watching this display, the Queen Mother visited the Academy's theatre, where she watched students rehearsing a Restoration comedy by Vanbrugh. Queen Elizabeth was very impressed with what she saw at the Academy. Although she arrived on time, her visit finished one hour later than expected.

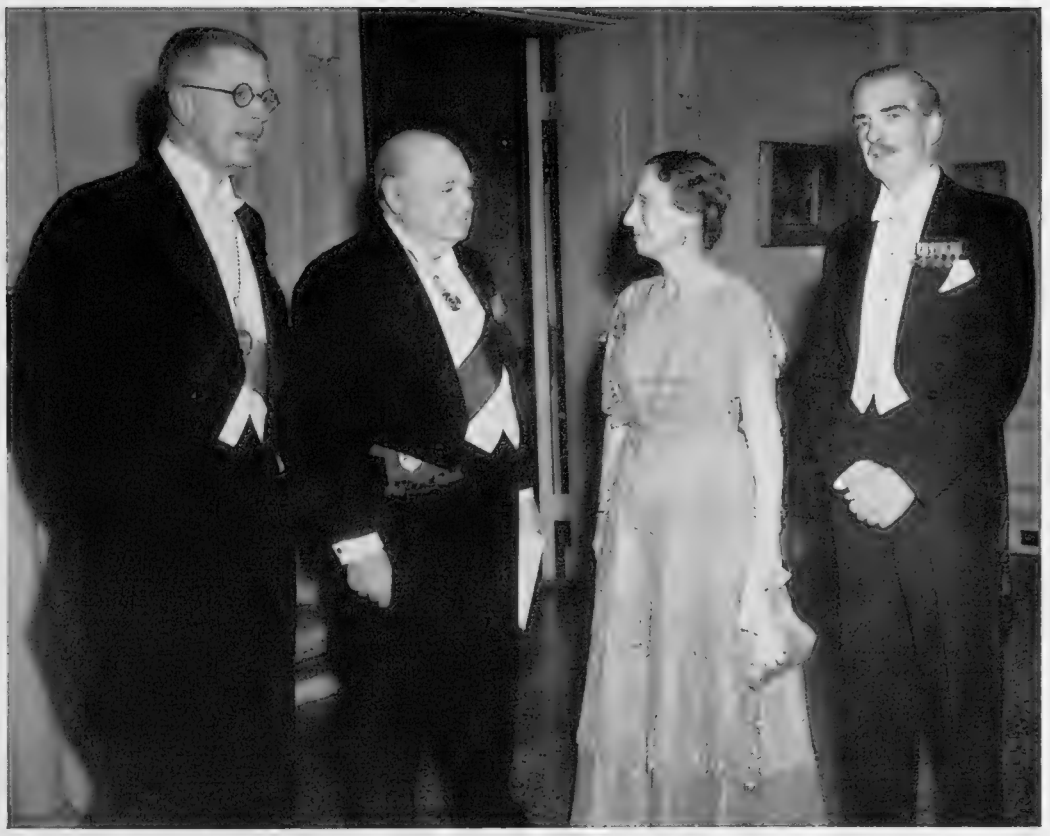


CHAIRS AND TABLES FOR SALE AT THE FESTIVAL GARDENS: "Movable assets" of the Festival Gardens at Battersea are seen here before being auctioned in a sale which began on November 9. The sale followed the announcement that the London County Council would take over the management of the Gardens from the Festival Gardens Company. Altogether there were 2,000 lots for sale, including hundreds of tables, chairs and electrical and building equipment. Hardware, soap, towels and uniforms were also among the assortment of objects for sale, which ranged from a 1952 Austin Sheerline that had been used by officials of the company for ceremonial and business occasions, down to handfuls of screws and nuts and lengths of cables. The London County Council, who are to take over the Festival Gardens at the end of this month, are to retain all the permanent buildings in the Gardens and the fixtures in them.

SIR GORDON RICHARDS RIDING A "NON-START R": The champion jockey is seen seated upon a du my horse during filming at Ealing Studios, London. On e extreme left of this picture is film actor Fella Edmond who plays the part of another jockey. The film, whi is to be called *The Rainbow Jacket*, is being prod ed by Sir Michael Balcon and will be a story woven ar nd racing and horses. In the story, Sir Gordon, w o appears in three sequences, will ride one winner an one loser. The film is in Technicolor and will be release next year.

Above and *on left*—**THE QUEEN'S SHALLOP LEAVES WINDSOR FOR GREENWICH:** These tw pictures show workmen removing the old Royal barge from the Royal boathouse Windsor Home Park, to be taken by road to the yard of Messrs. William Cory an Sons, where it will be repaired and overhauled before taking up its new home i the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. This famous Royal barge was buil for Queen Mary II by King William III in 1689, and is the last of the State barge to be used for ceremonial journeys on the Thames. The last appearance of th Queen's shallop on the Thames was in the River Pageant of 1919, when, rowed b the King's Watermen in their scarlet uniforms, she carried King George V and Quee Mary. She was presented to the National Maritime Museum in 1930 by Kin George V, but could not be moved there before because of lack of accommodation

A NEW MOTOR LAUNCH FOR THE SHELL PETROLEUM COMPANY : The *Shellex III* is seen as she is loaded on to the Norwegian ship the S.S. *Beljeanne*, which will carry her out to the Persian Gulf. The launch will be based at Dohar, from where she will carry out survey work in connection with the Shell Organisation's under-water concessions in the Persian Gulf. The launch, which was bought from the Admiralty, is 112 ft. long and weighs 139 tons gross.



THE PRIME MINISTER DINES WITH THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN : King Gustav and Queen Louise of Sweden are seen with Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Eden after a dinner held at the Swedish Embassy in Portland Square. The dinner was given by the Swedish Ambassador, M. Hägglöf. It is believed that during the dinner King Gustav formally invited the Prime Minister to go to Sweden to collect the Nobel Prize for Literature. Sir Winston said that he very much regretted that he would be unable to do this owing to pressure of work. The dinner was held on the eve of King Gustav's birthday, and before leaving Sir Winston wished him many happy returns.

GENERAL CHARLES GORDON REAPPEARS ON THE EMBANKMENT : The statue to the great soldier is seen among the scaffolding in front of the new Government building that is being erected on the Embankment near Westminster Bridge. This statue was first put up in Trafalgar Square in 1888, three years after Gordon was murdered at Khartoum, but it was taken down later when the Square was replanned and rebuilt and put into storage by the Ministry of Works.

THE SCENE OUTSIDE LONDON BRIDGE STATION AFTER TWO ELECTRIC TRAINS HAD COME INTO COLLISION : Despite the fact that two of the coaches in one of the trains were derailed, nobody was seriously injured, but twelve people were treated for shock. The collision was between the 11.23 a.m. from Tattenham Corner to Charing Cross and the 11.28 a.m. from Slades Green to London Bridge. The two trains were entering London Bridge Station and were travelling side by side, when the Slades Green train, which was empty, jumped across some points and collided with the centre coaches of the Charing Cross train. Altogether five coaches were de-railed. Passengers were not allowed off the train by the guard until after the current had been cut off. When this had been effected about a hundred passengers helped one another from the train and walked the short distance to the station. Five tracks were blocked by the crash and some services were disrupted, but conditions were back to normal in time for the rush hour next day.

On left—

EAST ANGLIAN HERRING DRIFTERS RETURN TO LOWESTOFT : These two drifters are seen heavily laden with fish just outside Lowestoft harbour. The East Anglian herring season made a very poor start, but now catches have greatly improved. Recently a drifter came into Great Yarmouth with a catch of 323 cran.

THE AMAZING CASE OF HARRY DEXTER WHITE

American Politics are Rocked by Accusations of Disloyalty Which Involve Mr. Truman

THE FORMER SECRETARY OF STATE WHO ALLEGES THAT MR. TRUMAN SAW THE INCRIMINATING F.B.I. REPORTS : Mr. James F. Byrnes, now Governor of South Carolina, alleged that Mr. Truman had been aware of the F.B.I. report in which the late Harry Dexter White, a former Treasury official, was reported to be a Communist spy, and then had promoted him. Like Mr. Truman, Governor Byrnes was served with a subpœna to give evidence before the House of Representatives Committee for Un-American Activities in Washington, but he refused to leave his State to do so.

THE EX-PRESIDENT DEFENDS HIS RECORD IN OFFICE : Mr. Ha Truman at a dinner in New York shortly after Attorn General Brownell had accused him of condoning disloyal

Not since the trial of Algar Hiss in 1948 have such world-wide passions been aroused by an American topic of domestic interest as they have been by the case of Harry Dexter White. It all began when the American Attorney-General, Mr. Brownell, announced that Mr. Truman, when President, had actually promoted the late Harry Dexter White to an office with the International Monetary Fund after an F.B.I. report alleging that White was a Russian spy had been submitted to him. The former Secretary of State, Mr. Byrnes, stated that to his certain knowledge Mr. Truman had received the report in question. Mr. Truman at first said that as soon as he knew that White was a Communist he dismissed him, but since then there have been other accounts of the matter. In the end the former President explained his case in a nation-wide T.V. broadc The whole affair was taken out the party political arena when House Un-American Activities C mittee produced papers which w said to be proof of White's disloya and which came out of the same M land pumpkin that was the und of Algar Hiss. At the same t subpœnas were served on both Truman and Mr. Byrnes to ap before the Committee. Both, different reasons, refused to ap Mr. Truman's appearance "postponed indefinitely." Presi Eisenhower, meanwhile, was hard put to defend the action of his Attor General in questioning the loyalty of a former President. Indeed, it s at present that what might have been intended as a small political suc for the Republicans has now got beyond their control.

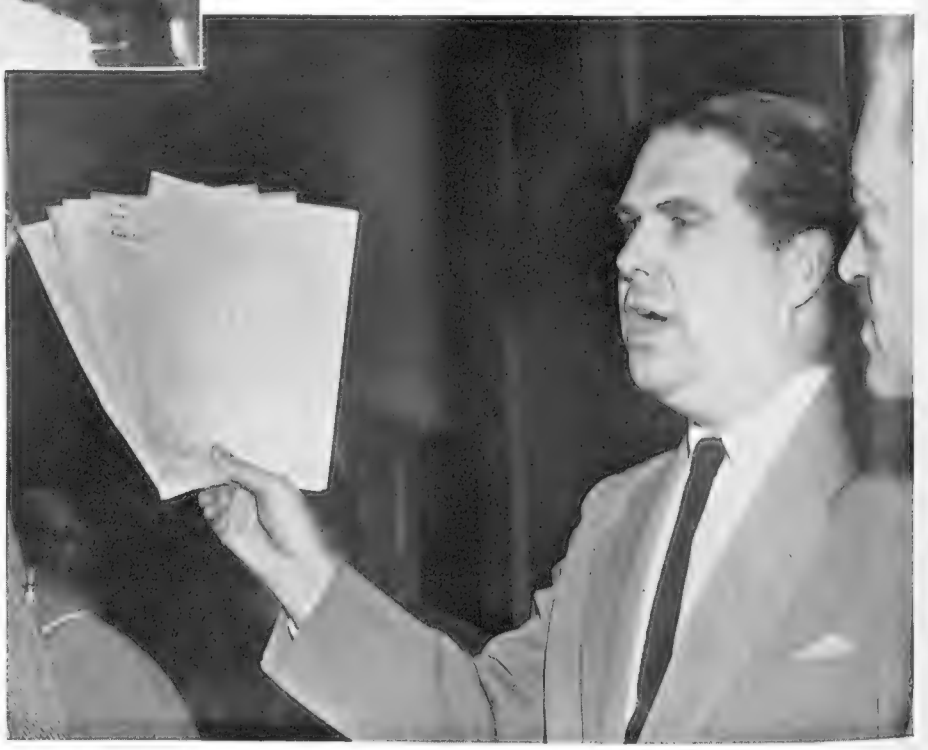
MR. TRUMAN REFUSES TO TESTIFY BEFORE THE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE : At a Press Conference in New York, Mr. Truman explains why he refused to obey a subpœna to appear before the Committee for Un-American Activities.

On left—

THE LATE HARRY DEXTER WHITE WHEN HE WAS ACCUSED OF SPYING : This picture of White was taken when he appeared before the Un-American Activities Committee in 1948. He died three days later.

On right—

SOME OF THE EVIDENCE : Mr. Robert L. Kunzig, counsel for the House Un-American Activities Committee, holds incriminating documents which were allegedly written by Harry Dexter White.



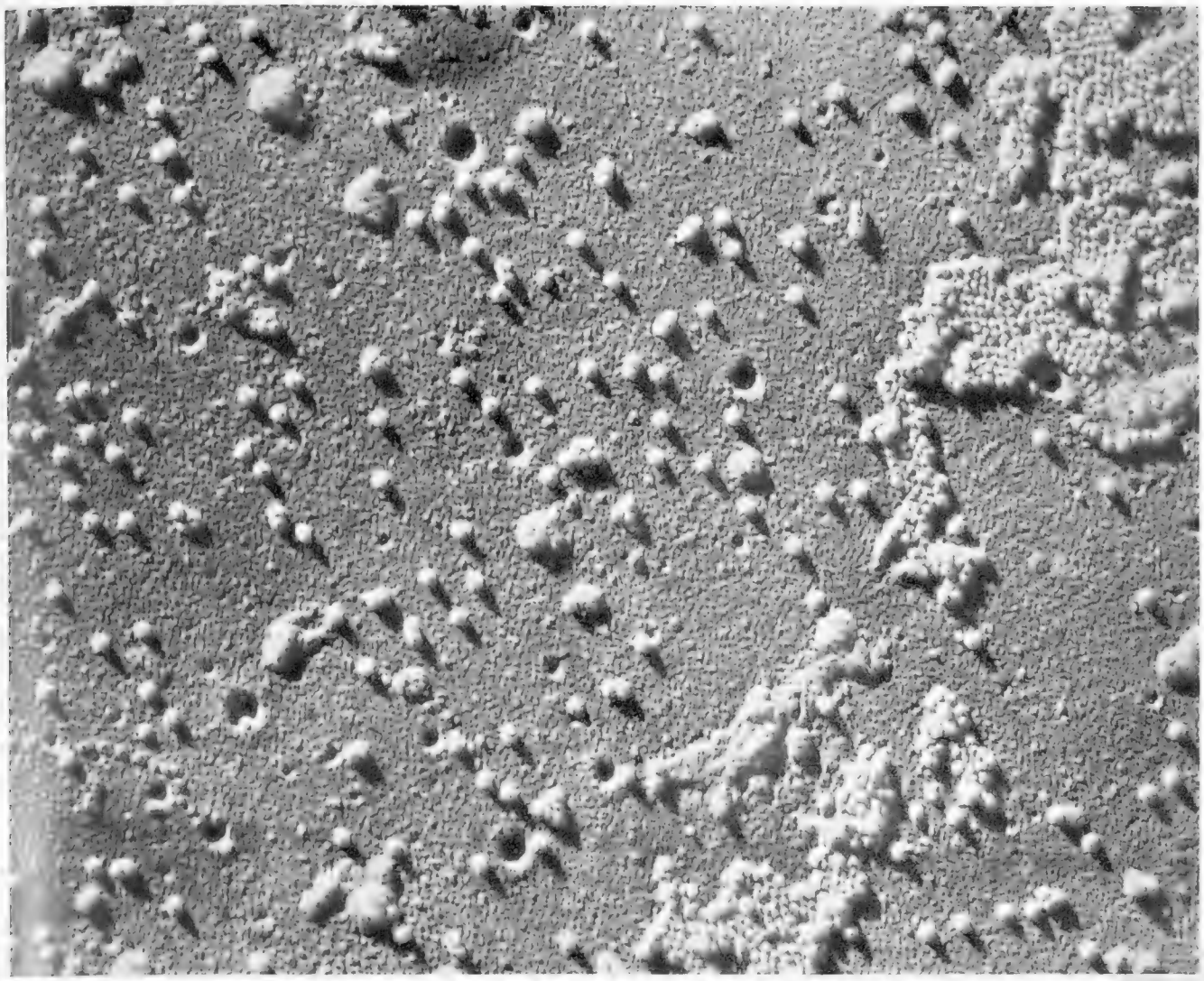
A PICTURE of the POLIO VIRUS

SOME RARE EUROPEAN ANIMALS AND OTHER NEWS OF SCIENTIFIC AND GENERAL INTEREST

On left—

The photograph on this page is of the Brunhilde poliomyelitis virus, also known as Type One and grown in test tubes upon non-nervous tissue. They are so small that 1,000,000 of them placed side by side would hardly measure 1 in., and pictures of them were only made possible with the aid of an electron microscope. The pictures were taken by Dr. A. Taylor, of the Detroit firm of Parke Davis and Company, a well-known pharmacological concern, which is at present developing a vaccine for use against poliomyelitis.

The publication of the photographs coincided with the announcement by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis that next year extensive tests are to be made with a new vaccine which, it is hoped, will prove much more effective than gamma globin injections, which, at the moment, is the latest form of treatment. During 1954 over 500,000 volunteer children will be given the new vaccine, which has not yet been named, and results will be compared with the similar experiments that were made this year with the gamma globin injections. The experimental vaccine has already been tried upon some 700 people, and results indicate that it is capable of raising the resistance power of the patient's blood.



ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS TO BE TAKEN OF THE POLIOMYELITIS VIRUS : The oval objects seen in clusters and singly are the virus magnified 77,000 times. The indentations are marks upon the non-nervous tissue on which the virus were grown. This is one of several photographs shown to the Electron Microscope Society of America. They were made with an electron microscope of magnifications up to 300,000 times by a team of expert virologists.

A …, *on right* and *below*—PRESERVING THE LAST OF THE EUROPEAN BISONS : These pictures of this vanishing breed of wild ox were taken in a reservation near Moscow, where Russian scientists are keeping them under strict guard. For centuries the European bison roamed over the Continent, together with its cousin, the aurochs. The aurochs, however, became finally extinct in the seventeenth century, and the bison gradually died off too. In 1947 it was estimated that there were still ninety-two European bison left, mainly in the Caucasus. Now Soviet scientists have taken steps to preserve the species, and three reservations have been set up in the U.S.S.R.

On right—

SENDING ELECTRICITY BY WIRELESS—THE HUT IN ITALY FROM WHICH SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS WERE MADE : The experiments were started seven years ago at Santa Severa, near Rome, and are now being conducted by a team of Italian scientists stationed at a fort on the Granarolo Hills, near Genoa. The process was invented by Signor Guiseppe de Nitto, a captain in the Italian Merchant Navy, and his theory is based on the reversibility of a magnetic field. A magnetic electro-generator is used to send electro-magnetic waves through the air, and a receiver, situated some miles away, can transform this magnetic field into an electric field. This is the principle upon which radio and television are based, but previous transmitters have not had sufficient power to send electricity. The experiments carried out near Genoa have been given great prominence by the Italian Press, and it is claimed that engines have been worked by electricity sent from a transmitter situated several miles away.

A RARE MEXICAN PLANT IN DEVONSHIRE : The plant is the Agave Americana and it is seen here in the Old Way Gardens, Paignton. It is very rarely grown successfully in this country and takes over thirty-five years to mature. When it has formed seeds, the main stem immediately dies away and a new shoot from the same root takes its place again.

SECOND-HAND CARS —A PROBLEM FOR DEALERS

The Trading In of Used Cars is Becoming an Essential and Useful Part of the Car Dealer's Business

BY THE "SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MAKE no mistake about it, the car manufacturers have seen the red light. How else can you interpret the remarkable speech made during the Motor Show by Mr. W. E. Hill, the new managing director of Vauxhall Motors Limited ?

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Motor Agents' Association, which represents more than 16,000 garage men, Mr. Hill devoted practically the whole of his remarks to what he called the used-car problem. And he made it abundantly clear that he does not regard this problem as one that can be shrugged away.

He suggested the need for a new outlook on this matter. "We must fully appreciate and understand the part that the used car plays in our industry," he said. "We must bear in mind the contribution it makes to new car sales and, what is perhaps more important, its contribution to mass motoring."

Now there 's something for you ! And Mr. Hill went on to say the trading in of used cars must not be regarded as an irritant or as something to be avoided if possible. It must, he said, be recognised as an essential and useful part of the new-car dealer's business.

Mr. Hill made a point that impressed the M.A.A. members when he reminded them that when a dealer sells a used car he was selling the *unused* mileage that the vehicle contained ; the still unused value that the manufacturer built into the vehicle.

The Vauxhall chief was also right on the beam when he declared that in normal markets the purchaser of a used car had a wider choice of vehicles than if he were restricted by his limited means to a vehicle "built down" to his modest purse.

Further proof that the used-car problem is very much in the minds of the motor trade just now was given by the speech of Mr. Stuart Malcolm, M.A.A. president. He went out of his way to say, in a carefully prepared speech, that it was an important part of the dealer's job to buy and sell second-hand cars.

At present, he said, the trade was against any form of control of allowances on used cars taken in exchange for new ones. I took this as meaning that the car dealers do not want a return of the "price book" which, before the war, laid down the maximum price that could be paid to a customer for a used car taken in part exchange for a new one.

This price book was insisted on by the motor manufacturers to prevent dealers giving customers a special discount off the price of a new car in the form of an inflated allowance for the old cars traded in. Now I thought they called that sort of thing price maintenance. Yet here we had, a few sentences further on in the self-same speech, the statement by Mr. Malcolm that "you cannot give the public proper repair and maintenance service if you engage in price-cutting, and *that is why we believe so firmly in price maintenance in our industry.*"

Now perhaps someone will kindly explain to me, gently and simply, how that statement I have put in italics squares with Mr. Malcolm's own comment that the trade is against any form of control of allowances on used cars. Frankly, I don't get it.

The reason this question of second-hand cars has come so much to the fore is, of course, the fact that with production increasing and export sales declining, a very large number of new cars is coming on to the home market.

Five new cars are coming off the assembly lines every working minute ! And on the average more than 23,000 cars have been coming on to the home market every month. Up to the end of July that was 500 a month more than the monthly average in 1938. Dealers are getting from the factories twice the number of cars they were receiving two years ago.

But don't run away with the idea that it is now possible to get immediate delivery, off the peg, of almost any car. That is far from being the case, even with some of the cheaper models already in large-scale production. But the delivery position is bound to improve during the winter, although the coming of spring will again help the export situation, with a consequent falling off in deliveries to the home market.

I was not in the least surprised that the Motor Show broke all previous attendance records. The return of the buyer's market, the large number of cars now coming on to the home market, the new models—especially the "babies"—and the price cuts all combined to create unprecedented interest in the 1953 Show, with the result that 612,953 people paid to get into Earls Court during the ten days of the Show.

The previous record attendance, set up in 1948 at the first post-war Show, was 562,000. Last year's attendance was 462,500. I see, by the way, that Sir Miles Thomas—who should know about these things—is reported to have stated that the Motor Show brought in £114,000 for the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, presumably in admission fees. Sir Miles thinks some of this money should be used to build a national racing car for Britain. A splendid idea ! But we should have to take care not to repeat the errors made over the ill-fated B.R.M. The project would have to be put on a proper commercial footing and entrusted to one firm with adequate experience and resources.

I referred in my last Notes to the fact that while the Perkins organisation are now offering a range of Diesel engines for installation in private cars as replacements for piston engines, there is as yet no British car in production with a Diesel unit. It looks as if this state of affairs is about to be remedied by the Standard Motor Company, to whose Sir John Black our sympathy goes out regarding his recent accident.

Standards are going into production with an oil-engined version of their Vanguard estate car, pick-up and van models. The power unit will be a new version of the 2.1-litre, 4-cylinder engine which is giving such fine service in the Ferguson tractors, and the chassis of the new Diesel models will be strengthened to cope with the extra weight.

I understand the new models will cost about £100 more than with the piston engine. If all goes well, an oil-engine version of the Vanguard saloon may become available, though by and large British manufacturers are not convinced there is a large-scale demand for a Diesel-engined car in Britain, in spite of the lower cost of Diesel oil and the economy of the oil engine.

Tests have shown that the Diesel-engined Vanguard will do better than 40 m.p.g., compared with about 25 m.p.g. for the petrol-engined models.

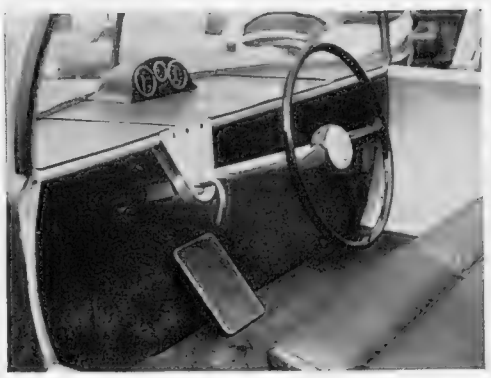
It has been estimated that if you are going to get back, within twelve months, in lower fuel costs, the extra cost of the expensive-to-build Diesel engine, you must do 30,000 miles a year, which is a much greater mileage than the average motorist covers. The Diesel-engined car would seem to make the strongest appeal to commercial fleet owners, taxi-owners and hire-car operators.

The British motor industry has obviously not lost sight of the export possibilities of the Diesel, for the low cost of Diesel fuel in many countries gives this type of engine a special attraction. It looks to me as if the export possibilities, plus the interest at home of taxi-owners, firms who operate fleets of cars, and a hard core of private motorists, will compel the industry to take more and more interest in the oil engine. But the process will be gradual and the application of the Diesel engine will be specialised.

A REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN OF CAR ON SHOW IN PARIS : This is the "Symetric," designed by C. Loubieres and built by the Compagnie Normande d'Etudes. The car is powered by an ordinary petrol engine which also drives a generator working four electric motors on the wheels. When the accelerator is released, the electric motors act as brakes.

On right—

THE CONTROLS OF THE "SYMETRIC" : This interior view shows the steering wheel and the single pedal necessary to operate this revolutionary car.



THE FORD TO-DAY AND FIFTY YEARS AGO : The progress made in car design is vividly demonstrated by the difference between the old Model "T" and the latest X-100, which are shown here at the Ford works in Cologne. The new model, one of the latest to come from Ford's, will be displayed in West German cities.

Hats off to enthusiasts of all ages who defied the weather and took part in the Royal Automobile Club's "Emancipation Day" run to Brighton ! What rain ! Enough to deter the boldest and craziest. Yet out of a record entry of 181 there were only twelve non starters. And in spite of all the rain and the resultant ignition, transmission and braking troubles, 142 of the veterans got through on time.

Even more surprising than the damp-proof zest of the "old crocks" drivers and their passengers—among whom were comedian George Formby and his wife—was the interest shown by the public. This had doubtless been stimulated by the excellent film *Genevieve*, and the fact that the two veteran cars which starred in that picture—a Darracq and a Spyker both of 1904 vintage—were both taking part in the run.

The police say there were more spectators than ever before, even on the finest Sundays. There were thousands of cars parked on the verges of the Brighton Road—many with their windscreen wipers working non-stop to give the occupants a clear view of the veteran cars as they splashed by—and many more joined in the antique cavalcade, not always with full consideration for the difficulties which beset the drivers of many of the "old crocks."

It is hard enough for many of these fifty-year-old cars to get up some of the hills on the way to Brighton even when the road is dry. The revs. must be kept up at all costs. When they are baulked, as many were from time to time, by thoughtlessly-driven modern cars whose pilots didn't even realise they were going uphill, it means either that a big extra strain is placed on the wonderful old engines and transmission systems, or else the passengers have to get out and do a bit of pushing.

Apart from this question of baulking there were some serious traffic jams during the 1953 run. It would have been much worse had the weather been fine. What a pity if this historic event had to be discontinued because of public outcry over traffic dislocation ! This must, of course, be avoided. The veteran-car run must not die.

I notice the Transport Minister has stated he intends to make "blinking" beacons compulsory at zebra crossings "as soon as all the local authorities have had a reasonable time in which to install the mechanism." Good ! In spite of criticisms in the correspondence columns of *The Times*, I think the flashing lights are a valuable contribution to road safety. But it was a mistake to start using them until they were ready everywhere.

A HANDY BOOK FOR MOTORISTS

The fourteenth edition of "Signpost" (Simpkin and Marshall. 10s. 6d.), by W. G. McMinnies, lives up to the reputation established in its previous editions. Its list and detailed description of recommended hotels, clubs and places of historic and general interest throughout Britain and the Channel Isles will prove invaluable to the touring motorist.

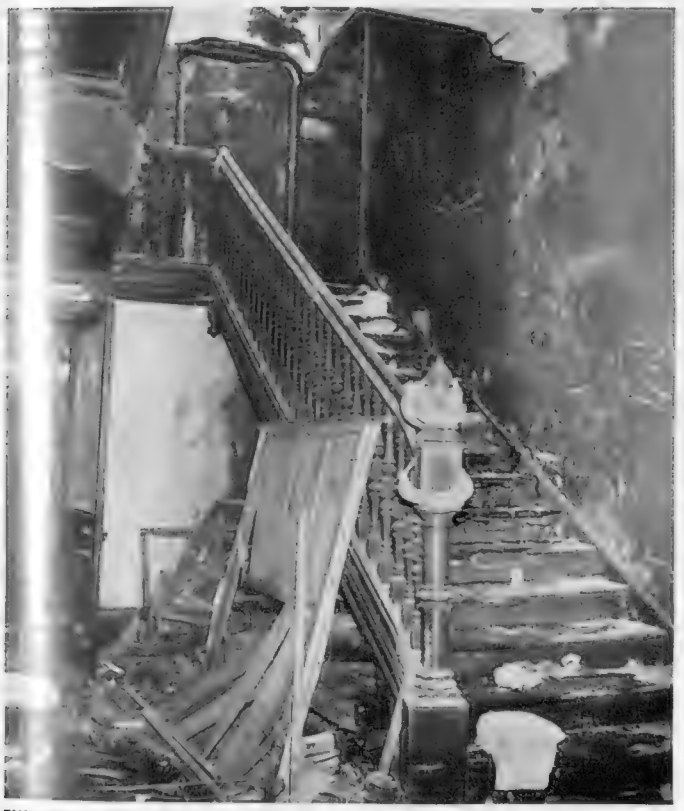
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

A SCOTTISH INHERITANCE

Sir Adrian Ivor Dunbar, a Naturalized American, Returns to Britain to Claim and Restore His Historic Seat in Wigtownshire

Forty-three years after emigrating, first to Australia and then to America, Sir Adrian Ivor Dunbar has returned to Britain as the 12th baronet, to claim his inheritance, which includes a derelict forty-room mansion built on a 3,400-acre estate in Wigtownshire. His inheritance has come about through the deaths, in quick succession, of two relatives, and it is possible that he will now have to give up his United States citizenship, which he assumed in 1939. Mochrum Park, Wigtownshire, is a far cry from Upper Fairmount, Maryland, but Sir Adrian is determined to set about the task of restoring his ancestral seat and making the land a profitable proposition. The task ahead of him is a gigantic one, for much of the house is in a very sorry state, while grounds immediately surrounding it are drastically overgrown with creeper and weeds. The financial position is another problem, and when death duties have been paid on the estates of the last two baronets, Sir Adrian is expected to have an annuity of about £200. Prior to coming to England he was a general handyman, and according to his own statement he has a small sum in dollars—in fact, he found it necessary to sell all but his house in order to raise the fare for two tickets on the S.S. *Maarsdam*. But in spite of all the difficulties which face the sixty-year-old pioneer, he is determined to go ahead with his proposals and to restore at least half the house. Peach houses and salmon-fishing mean little to Sir Adrian, but when it comes to the family honour he is adamant in his proposal "to keep the line in being and to try to restore Mochrum Park to something of its former glory." All this he may well accomplish, but there will still be something missing. That is the Raeburn portrait of the White Lady who once haunted the house, for the picture, valued at £9,000, now hangs in the Edinburgh Art Gallery.

MOCHRUM PARK MANOR, THE DERELICT FORTY-ROOM MANSION IN WIGTOWNSHIRE WHICH HAS BEEN INHERITED BY SIR ADRIAN IVOR DUNBAR, A SIXTY-YEAR-OLD HANDYMAN FROM MARYLAND, U.S.A. : The inheritance has come about by the deaths, within two days, of two of Sir Adrian's distant cousins, and the new baronet has returned to Scotland with a plan to restore the house. The estate extends over an area of 3,400 acres. The house was used by the Army in the war and has not been lived in since. Sir Adrian's family can be traced back to 975.



FUNGUS CLINGS TO THE WALLS AND RUBBLE COVERS THE STAIRCASE : This is an example of the state of the interior of the house. The sitting-room is considered to be the largest in Scotland.

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ANCESTRAL HOME, SHOWING THE VAST OVER-GROWTH WITHIN THE PRECINCTS OF THE BUILDING : If the new baronet and his wife decide to live on the estate they will probably have to reside in a ploughman's cottage. On landing in England, Sir Adrian said : "My two boys and I could have a lovely time putting this place right." Both Sir Adrian's younger sons are serving with the American Army. The heir to the title is an engineer.

On left—
THE TWELFTH BARONET AND LADY DUNBAR : They are seen on arrival at Southampton as they came ashore after their journey from New York. Sir Adrian was born at Weymouth, went to school in London, and at the age of fifteen worked on a Yorkshire farm. At seventeen he emigrated to Australia.

On right—
THE DUNBAR COUNTRY : Part of the Newton Stewart – New Galloway Road, near Mochrum Park, showing the type of country in the area.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE MEN WHO MADE NEWS

Autobiographies and Biographies of Outstanding Personalities, Headed by Viscount Norwich; and a Selection of Novels

VISCOUNT NORWICH, as we know, is the author of very fine biographies. OLD MEN FORGET (Hart-Davis. 21s.) proves that he can bring the same lucidity, balance and taste to an autobiography, an infinitely more complex task. As Duff Cooper, a name that is more familiar to us, he has had a long and varied political career which has included twenty years in the House of Commons, and the offices, among others, of Secretary of State for War, First Lord of the Admiralty and Minister of Information. Of this part of his life and of the background to the great events and changes that he has seen in Parliament and in foreign politics, Lord Norwich has much that is illuminating to say, and much, too, that is personal and witty. His last appointment was as Ambassador to France at the end of the war, and it is in that country, which he has always loved, that he now lives.

The second volume of Mr. L. S. Amery's autobiography covers only the years from 1914 to 1929, but does so at length and in detail, making of this work rather a review of parliamentary and national events than a personal record of a private existence. Indeed, MY POLITICAL LIFE (Hutchinson. 25s.) is the title the author has chosen for the work as a whole, and he has called the present volume, *War and Peace*. Like Lord Norwich, Mr. Amery saw active service in the First World War, and, like him, is animated by a patriotism as natural and essential as breathing. Nothing, however, could be more different than the expression of their views or than the shape that their careers took in these years. A fascinating contrast, and a rewarding one, between two books, each of which has real significance.

The Incredible Canadian is his biographer's name for MACKENZIE KING (Longmans. 25s.), the man who was Prime Minister for longer than anyone else in the history of the British Commonwealth, who was a political gambler of lightning decisions, who might leave a conference table to consult spiritualist mediums, who possessed the confidence and could mould the future of his country, but who never had its love. Mr. Bruce Hutchison writes as only one Canadian could about another, and the story he tells is not only a good biography, but a candid review of contemporary Canadian history.

Decidedly this is the autumn for Dickens lovers. We have recently had the fullest of dress portraits, and now we have a less complete but infinitely sympathetic study of CHARLES DICKENS (Cassell. 21s.), which the author has called *A Sentimental Journey in Search of an Unvarnished Portrait*. Mr. Michael Harrison has made his journey not only in a literary but in a topographical sense, has been to see the streets where the writer lived, and, if the actual buildings no longer existed, has given us an impression of the locality as well as an impression of Dickens' state of mind and state of health at that time. The photographs show Dickens' houses and calling-places as they survive to-day; the text, sometimes with zest and sometimes with astonishing irrelevance, Dickens' activities and his correspondence through the same period.

A CHILD'S COSTUME OF 1894: This reproduction from *The Child in Fashion* (Batsford. 25s.), by Doris Langley Moore, shows Joanna McCallum, daughter of Googie Withers and John McCallum, dressed in the fashion for girls at the end of last century. The book, with photographs by Felix Fonteyn, traces children's costumes from *circa* 1760 to 1934. Mrs. Langley Moore uses the same technique as in her earlier book, *Woman in Fashion*.

SIR JOHN MOORE (Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.) is Miss Carola Oman's biography of the great soldier, whose influence on our Army was possibly as great as Wellington's and certainly as Marlborough's. This is a book conceived and executed in the grand manner, after years of research and study, and with a command of language as impressive as Macaulay's, but with a more human ring. It will in all probability become the definitive Life—it is hard indeed to imagine another book even supplementing it. And in the meantime, before we concern ourselves with posterity's opinion, this biography deserves present reading and present enjoyment.

Closer to our own times is Mr. Geoffrey Wintrop Young's autobiography, THE GRACE OF FORGETTING (Country Life. 21s.), which describes his life as a mountain-climber, as a war correspondent and, in one of the profoundest experiences of his life, as the organiser of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, which played so heroic a part in Ypres in the First World War. These are memorable chapters in the life of a man who has been poet, mountaineer and educationalist.

Dr. A. J. Cronin's BEYOND THIS PLACE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is likely to be the first in interest among the new novels, and, indeed, it has considerable force, and the driving power of a man who has not forgotten how to tell a story. Nevertheless, this is a disappointing book, heavy, melodramatic, humourless and not so much grim as stodgy. The plot is concerned with a young man who discovers when he applies for his first scholastic job and needs his birth certificate that he is the son of a convicted murderer, still serving his life sentence. The boy decides to devote himself to proving his father's innocence and to securing a fresh trial. By the time he has done this, and his father, by now a mean and brutalised wreck, is freed, the young man has lost money, friends and lovers, but he has an unconquerable hope that his fight has been worth while. Morally this is excellent, of course, but artistically, I am sorry to say, it is turgid.

THE SONG AT THE SCAFFOLD (Sheed and Ward. 6s.), by Gertrud von le Fort, and translated by Olga Marx, is the story of a Carmelite nun who, in the French Revolution, escaped from her convent in terror of death and endured a series of miseries and degradations to save her life, only to end by the guillotine, where her sisters of the Carmelite Order were dying one by one.

Mr. Paul Frischauer writes of the persecution of the Huguenots, about a hundred years earlier, and the adventures of a Huguenot girl and a nobleman from the Court of Louis XIV in THE SHEPHERD'S CROOK (Cassell. 15s.), which, in spite of its romantic manner, does give a good idea of the tension of the political and moral atmosphere in those days of terror.

THE TUDOR ROSE (Macdonald. 12s. 6d.) of Mrs. Margaret Campbell Barnes's novel is Elizabeth of York, sister of the little Princes who died in the Tower, married to the first Tudor, Henry VII, and mother of Henry VIII. Not only did her marriage unite the rival houses of Lancaster and York, but this brave and intelligent Princess, as the author sees her, was to have a great influence on the ruling house of England. This is an exceptionally readable reconstruction of history, and I do recommend it to your notice.

Mr. Mika Waltari has written of Constantinople in the mid-fifteenth century in THE DARK ANGEL (Putnam. 12s. 6d.), which has been translated by Naomi Walford, and which is a good historical novel in its own right, with exceptionally good atmosphere and authentic feeling.

The five stories in Mr. Oliver Onions's book, BELLS RUNG BACKWARDS (Staples. 10s. 6d.), may have each been published before, and, indeed, I see that they have over the last twenty or thirty years, but what is of importance is that they have been collected for us between two covers, and that we may have the pleasure of reading or re-reading five examples of the art of one of the best living English writers.

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), some twenty-seven of them, have been published in strong and lively support of W. B. Yeats's contention that "O'Connor is doing for Ireland what Chekhov did for Russia," and if one meaning of this is that O'Connor gives readers a fresh and strongly individual picture of his own country, then I agree without reservations. A wonderful collection, particularly for those who like the Irish, or who think they might if they knew them a little better.

MY PRIDE, MY FOLLY (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is the good swashbuckling title of a historical novel by a young Canadian writer, Miss Suzanne Butler. It describes the fortunes and adventures of a beautiful Danish girl in the Montreal and Upper Canada of a hundred years ago. Like its characters, the story has a good deal of vitality and is extremely readable.

A new translation of Zola's great novel, NANA (Heinemann. 15s.), has now been made by Mr. Charles Duff, and contains illustrations taken from the first edition. From the late-nineteenth-century days when Zola was considered in this country as the author of obscene books to Anatole France's funeral oration in 1902, and to his present-day reputation, has been a long journey, and it is gratifying to know that some of his work is again available.

FIVE OTHER NEW VOLUMES

A TREASURY OF HORSE STORIES (Hutchinson. 21s.) *Edited by Margaret Cabell Self, with drawings by Michael Lyne, is an anthology of stories and poems about every kind of horse. There is a long list of contributors.*

ARCHANGEL, 1918-1919 (Constable. 21s.), *is Field-Marshal Lord Ironside's account of the twelve months of his command in North Russia during the Archangel Campaign in the First World War.*

In **THE FLYING SAILOR** (Hurst and Blackett. 16s.) *Rear-Admiral André Jubelin tells the story of his personal war from the time of his dramatic escape from Indo-China to the British in Malaya after the Fall of France. He helped in the defence of Portsmouth and flew with the Royal Air Force.*

THE SILENT TRAVELLER IN DUBLIN (Methuen. 21s.) *written and illustrated by Chiang Yee, is not necessarily a new guide book to the Irish City, but rather the impressions and experiences of a Chinese traveller.*

MAN ON THE MOON (Sidgwick and Jackson. 25s.), *told in a series of articles edited by Cornelius Ryan, is not science fiction but an authoritative scientific book designed to answer questions relating to "future journeys to the moon."*

MILTONIAN QUERIES

Mr. Gawsworth's New Assessment

It is seldom that a book demands special commendation by reason of its introduction, for the introducer's task of "dressing the feast" is no enviable one, and if that feast is none other than THE COMPLETE ENGLISH POEMS OF MILTON, what exactly shall be said? John Gawsworth, who edits this latest addition to the Macdonald Classics (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.), is himself a poet of standing, but he prefers to take on the role of assessor, and to try and show through biographers, apologists and critics the true stature of John Milton. Most readers will agree he has carried out his task supremely well, rather, indeed, in the manner of St. Beuve, whose *Causeries de Lundi* always provided such penetrating assessments to delight Parisian newspaper readers. Although we know considerably more about Milton's life than we do about Shakespeare's, Mr. Gawsworth shows us just how many queries we are still left with regarding this man who walked with such ungainly feet along the path of love and no less clumsily in the more devious paths of politics. Mr. Gawsworth returns more than once to the fact of Milton's desertion by his first, his Royalist, wife after one month of bed and board, and to his character which then almost overnight completely somersaulted. About this phase, at any rate, there is certitude. The sugared writer of "L'Allegro" became the envenomed pamphleteer, the musical poet of high ideal turned sour even before middle age from sheer unease of heart, it seems. After that, despite reconciliation with Mary, Milton dug deeper and deeper hells for himself. It was in the time of his affliction through the loss of his eyesight that Milton scaled the greatest heights, and Mr. Gawsworth brings out with crystal clarity how the concentration and control which Milton exercised at that time were very much a part of the ten years of travail that produced "Paradise Lost."

Edward Hutton is an incomparable guide to modern and medieval Italy, as his many and various volumes testify, taking us from the plains of Lombardy to the cities of Sicily. His latest book, ASSISI AND UMBRIA REVISITED (Hollis and Carter. 21s.), is really a pilgrimage to the land of St. Francis, for at every step the life of the saint is recalled, much loved events that have gone to the making of a noble legend. Along with descriptions of the villages, towns and cities are found delightful conversations with those encountered by Edward Hutton in his wanderings, conversations revelatory of the Italian character and the "little people" who are the same to-day as in the time of St. Francis and his friars.

Frederick Willis, that gay chronicler of Edwardian London, who recaptures the relish of metropolitan life in the days when young men and maidens courted in the leafy lanes of Camberwell, when kippers were three a penny in the New Cut, and the Middlesex Music Hall was in its heyday, calls his new volume LONDON GENERAL (Phœnix House. 18s.). In fact, he presents London as it looked from the top of an old London General bus, rumbling leisurely through the wood-paved streets of the Metropolis. In his early days Frederick Willis was a hatter, and his calling brought him into contact with many a notability, not least the astonishing Henry Labouchere, the prince of wits and the terror of City sharks, whom he denounced with joyous regularity in his paper *Truth*. Sandow, the professional strong man, was another acquaintance, and Mr. Willis describes the mania for physical culture which Sandow set going among the youth of the nation. There was even a Sandow's cocoa which, in addition to the other nourishing properties of cocoa, apparently contained something the others had not got—a secret quality radiated by the great man himself. Altogether this is a most engaging book, and we can be quite sure it has not exhausted the author's remarkable repertoire.

Sacheverell Sitwell has chosen the title TRUFFLE HUNT (Robert Hale. 24s.) for his volume of short essays, many of them culled from his weekly column in the *Sunday Times*. The book ranges far and wide, but readers may feel that it dwells rather too briefly on the many and various subjects touched upon; one has scarcely become interested in a subject before the mercurial Mr. Sitwell has passed on to the next item. An account of Edward Lear's Albanian travel book is followed swiftly by a paragraph on lead-stealing from country houses, while a few words on French hunting-parties give place to an all-too-brief dissertation on Thomas Tompion. Perhaps *Trifle Hunt* would have been a more apt title for this pleasant but rather scrappy scrapbook.

Elena Gerhardt has written her autobiography, and this mistress of the art of Lieder singing fittingly enough calls it RECITAL (Methuen. 18s.). This is a success story, which even the anguish of two World Wars could not spoil, and Elena Gerhardt tells in simple clear-cut style how a growing and lasting success can be achieved on the concert platform.

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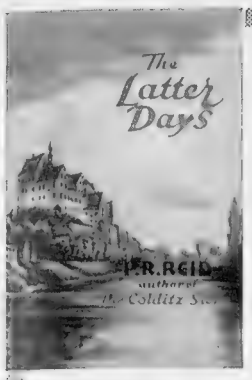

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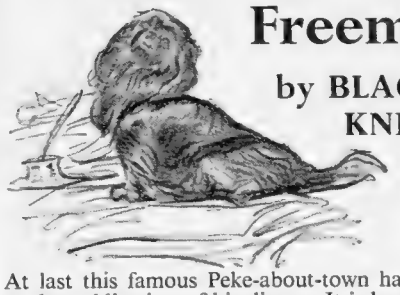

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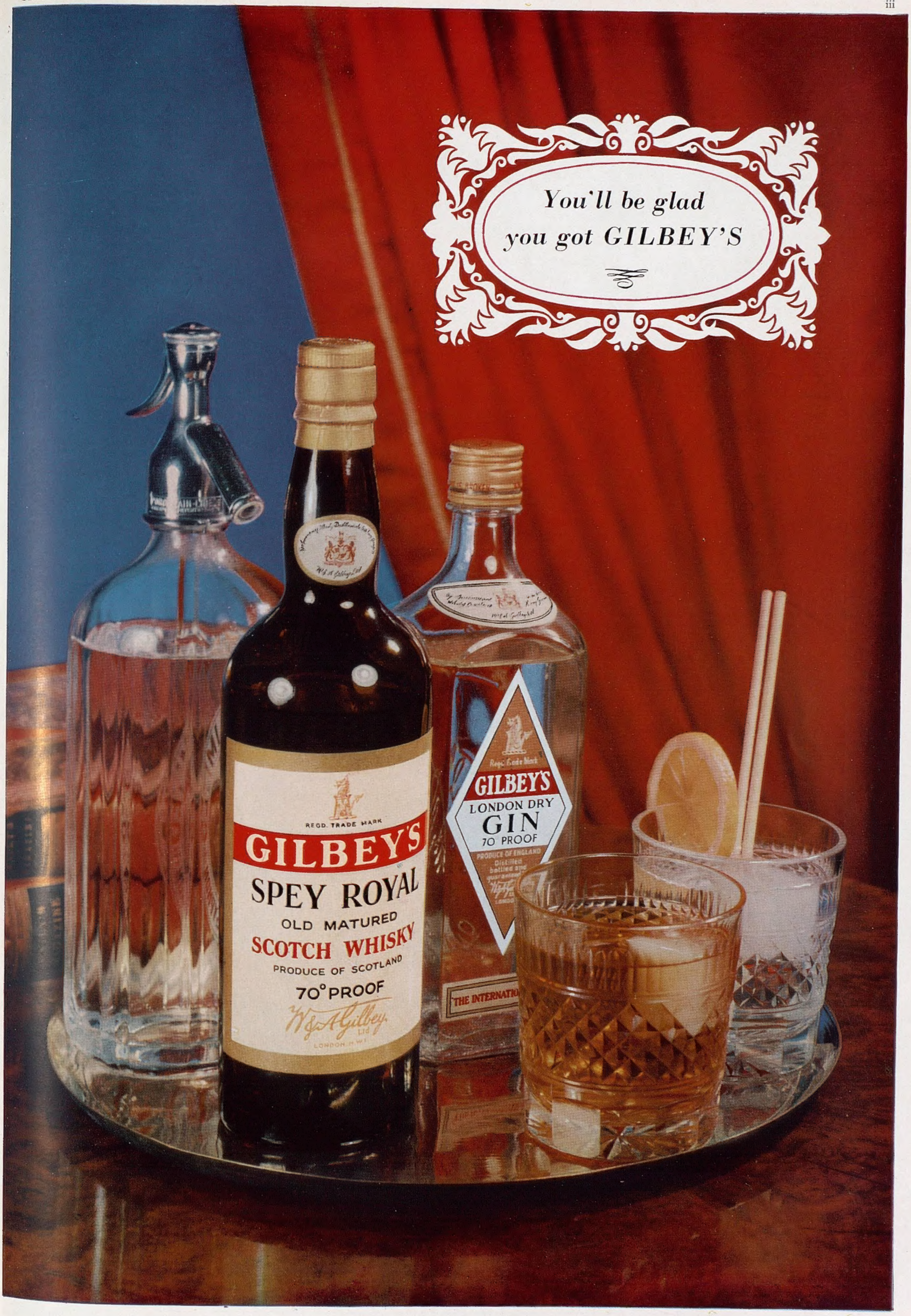
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